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MEMORIALS OF CHARLES PARRY

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COMMANDER ROYAL NAVY

By HIS BROTHER

EDWARD PARRY, D.D.

BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF DOVER

21515

STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1870

00021515

TO

THE CAPTAIN,

OFFICERS, AND SHIP'S COMPANY

OF

H.M.S. Arethusa

DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1868

These Pages are inscribed

BY ONE WHO OWES THEM ALL

NO SMALL RETURN OF GRATITUDE FOR MUCH

GENUINE AND PRACTICAL SYMPATHY

PREFACE.

THIS simple Memoir of a young Naval Officer is enriched with no stirring tales of hardship or adventure. But the uneventful record of an unobtrusive, cheerful piety and of consistent Christian principle may, it is earnestly hoped, be of use to the noble Service, which Charles Parry never discredited, and always loved. Those who knew him best had augured much from his increasing influence, as he rose to the higher grades of his father's honoured profession. May his sudden and early death produce some of the fruit expected from his life, in the spread of a practical religion among young men in every [illegible] among those young sailors on whom, as years roll on, must depend, in

no small degree, the character of Britain's Navy!

In committing to the press these memorials of a life, the sudden cutting off of which has left a lifelong void in my own, I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to my brother's early friend and messmate, Commander William Dawson, R.N.

Since I first set pen to paper on this behalf I have been, owing to unforeseen circumstances, unceasingly occupied with work of a responsible and anxious nature.

It was, however, impossible to resign myself to the thought of leaving wholly to other hands the supervision and arrangement of the materials at our disposal; and with the assiduous and generous help of my brother's friend, himself a busy man, I have been enabled to carry out my wishes.

E. P.

CANTERBURY, *Easter*, 1870.

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CHAPTER I.

Childhood.—First Voyage.—*St. Vincent.*—*Cambrian.*—East Indies.—Return Home.

1833—1850.

CHARLES PARRY was born on the anniversary of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1833, at Tahlee House, Port Stephens, New South Wales, the temporary home of his father, Sir W. Edward Parry, who, soon after his return from his last Polar voyage, had accepted for four years the post of Commissioner to the Australian Agricultural Company.

Sir Edward returned to England the next year, and "Charlie's" boyhood was spent in various homes. When it became plain that he was to follow his father's profession, he was sent at the age of twelve to H.M. Barnaby's Naval School at Gosport.

His mother, it may well be said, had

died when he was only five years old, and to the end of his life he regretted that he could not recall even the features or voice of one to whose earnest prayers and loving Christian training he was so largely though unconsciously indebted.

Sir Edward Parry married again in 1841, and how well a mother's place was supplied to the children of the first marriage will be amply proved in the following pages. To his second mother is written the first letter of the boy, found among precious family memorials after his father's death:—

"Royal Academy,
"November 1st, 1846.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"I received your note this morning at breakfast, and I am sorry that I have not written to you for so long a time, but I will try to make up for it now. I am sorry to say that there will not be any examination, as it is not the custom at this school, so I shall not be able to know whereabouts I am in the school; but I think that I should not be very

far from the top, as most of the boys are very backward.

"I can assure you, dearest mamma, that I also sincerely hope and pray that when the right time does come for me to go to sea, I may be under a truly good and Christian captain, and that I, for my part, may obey his commands as I would those of dearest papa.

"I have just finished D'Aubigné's 'Reformation,' and I have not got any other book yet, but perhaps one of the boys can lend me one. I hope papa will come down to see me, as I shall enjoy an hour or so with him very much.

"I must now end, and with best love and wishes to all, believe me,

"Ever your very affectionate son,

"CHARLES PARRY."

At this time his father was appointed Captain Superintendent of Haslar Hospital, and was thus able to attend personally to the outfit of his sailor son, who, on the 5th May,

1847, was nominated as naval cadet to the *St. Vincent*, 120 guns, flagship of the Channel Squadron, then at Portsmouth.

His first experience of the sea was gained in a cruise to Lisbon :—

"H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, at sea,
"August 1st, 1847.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

"I like being at sea very much, and am quite used to it now. I was only sick one day whilst we were in the Bay of Biscay, where the sea washed right over the middle and lower decks—the middle deck, if you remember, being the one you came on when you first came into the ship—and partly over the main-deck, the one above the middle deck. There is a great deal of difference between the dinners we have now and the dinners we had at Spithead.

"I do not know if I told you that, when the Queen came on board, when we were at Spithead, we were all presented to her, and the Captain told her all our names as we passed her.

"You would laugh, I am sure, to see all the desks now. There has just been a report that there will be an opportunity for letters soon, so every one scrambles with his desk to get a place at the table. The *Dragon* and *Amphion* joined us yesterday, and a boat came from the *Dragon* with letters and despatches for us, and in the letter-bag I received letters from home, for which I should be very much obliged to you if you would thank the senders very much for me. The despatches for the Admiral were to say that we were to go to Lisbon, which I was very glad of, as it is much better than staying at sea cruising about, which is very dull indeed. We are becalmed now, which is a very disagreeable thing, and so I think you would say if you were to be on board a man-of-war in a calm. There is a large letter-bag going all round the ship for letters for England, and by this time it is very nearly full.

[illegible] indeed, lately, and all yesterday. The thunder must be a quarter of a mile off, and lightning was in abundance. I had the middle watch last

night, and as it was raining very hard, it was rather disagreeable having to keep it; but I can assure you that that oilskin coat is a very useful habiliment indeed, both warm and waterproof, and the smell is nearly all gone now.

"The Admiral's horse is quite accustomed to the guns, and so is the cow; but the dog, directly a gun is fired, runs all over the ship, and howls a great deal.

"I must now finish, and, hoping that you will have all success and get on well, believe me, with best love to yourself and all at home,

"Ever your most affectionate brother,

"CHARLES PARRY."

In the autumn of the same year, having been appointed to the *Vernon*, in the East Indies, he returned to England, with the character "very attentive and zealous" from his captain (Sir Alexander Milne), to take passage in the frigate *Cambrian*, Commodore J. H. Plumridge, then fitting out at Portsmouth for that station. As subsequent events

show, he served for three years in this latter ship without joining the *Vernon.*

Into the details of the preparations for an absence of three years on so distant a station, Sir Edward entered with all the interest of a fond father, thoroughly experienced in all the difficulties and dangers which awaited his sailor son. Well aware of the moral risks on shipboard, care was taken to provide the boy with letters of introduction to well-disposed officers on board the *Cambrian,* as well as to residents at the different seaports in India and China.

Perhaps the most important safeguard, and one which clung to him to his latest breath, was a strong home affection. Venerating and loving his parents, the holy thoughts of a pious home refreshed his mind amidst scenes with which he had little fellow-feeling. To maintain and strengthen his home tie by constant and regular correspondence with the various members of his family was amongst the most valuable of the arrangements for this first prolonged absence—an experimental period upon the results of which it was felt

that much of future life depended. The eagerness with which the home packet of letters was looked for on the arrival of each successive mail, and the pleasure which they gave, appear throughout all the letters written at this period. In this, as in other matters, we find the experience and characteristics of his father, at the same age, reproduced with remarkable similarity in the son.*

The *Cambrian* left England on the 26th October, 1847, for Bombay direct, which she reached after a long passage of ninety-eight days.

Sir Edward corresponded with several of the officers of the *Cambrian* relative to the welfare of his son. Their letters show that he was already a favourite on board. Writing from Bombay, February 12, 1848, the Commander says:—"His conduct in this ship enables me to write of him with much satisfaction. He is very well in health and spirits. In all his duties, with which I have had more immediate concern, he has been most correct;

* "Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir W. E. Parry," pp. 12, 13, &c.

and that this has been so throughout affords me ground to believe that this is the result of right principle. I am sure Commodore Plumridge, the gunnery lieutenant, the naval instructor, and the officer of his watch, could write but the same account in all he has had to do with them. I have, as you desired me, now and then endeavoured to remind him of his eternal interests. I trust he is himself fully sensible of the obligation to do all to the glory of God, and is, I am sure, most consistent in His cause. Perhaps if you, in writing, were to remind him of the need of caution in choosing those he associates with, as well as the necessity of keeping well aloof from the stream of frivolity, it would be well; for his disposition appears so gentle and amiable, he may want a little decision in this point."

On the death of Admiral Inglefield, the Commander-in-chief, the command of the squadron on the East India and China station devolved temporarily on Commodore Plumridge, and the *Cambrian* proceeded to visit the Straits' settlement, and thence to the

naval head-quarters, Hong-Kong. His descriptions of these places, and of the fun which he enjoyed on shore, and of the kind friends who asked him to their houses, show a lively and vivacious temperament, with a mind ready to see good in everything, and rarely dwelling on the evil. In alluding to his messmates, it is always their better doings which he records; but though most friendly and even jovial with all, his usual companions on shore were those whose habits were most distinctly those of Christian gentlemen.

From Hong-Kong he wrote:—

"*Friday, June* 16, 1848.—We heard this morning the joyful news of the mail coming in, and in about three or four hours we were all reading away as hard as could be. By it I received three of your packets all at once, by which I am led to suppose that they must have been mislaid somewhere or other. But as to what you advise me to do about the box, it is too late now, so I must let it take its chance and catch me when it can. I am very much obliged to you all respectively for your letters, which, I can assure you, took me

an immense time reading, as altogether there were twelve letters. . . . .

"I like this ship more and more every day, and everything about her, as she is very comfortable indeed, and I am very good friends with every one of my messmates, which is a great thing towards the comfort of a midshipman's mess.

"I hope that Captain Cockburn comes out in the *Hastings*, as I shall like to see some one who has just come from home, and ask him all about the place."

Admiral Sir Francis Collier having taken up the command-in-chief of the station, and his flag-ship, the *Hastings*, having arrived from England, the *Cambrian* returned from China to the East Indies, calling at the Straits' settlements *en route*. At Penang, the Governor's bungalow and beautiful garden, "with roses and a great many more English flowers," reminded him of England. Of a picnic to a large tree, thirty feet in circumference, and "as high as our topmost crosstrees, without a branch, and altogether higher than our truck," he writes, "We all enjoyed ourselves very

much indeed, riding and driving and cruising about in the jungle after monkeys. We returned on board about ten o'clock, after having had as good a day's enjoyment as I have had since we left England."

From Penang, December, 1848, he wrote:—

"I received the parcel, for which I am very much obliged to you all. Captain Cockburn was very kind to me indeed, and told me all about Haslar and the occupants of the 'middle house in the Row.' I dined there with him. What a very nice man Lieutenant H. is! He was very kind indeed to me also, and told me all about the Sunday evenings he spent with you. What a jolly band they have! Three of the *St. Vincent's* were there. L. has joined us, and Lieutenant E. as well. He seems to be a very nice man. He has a monkey on board, which hates all youngsters, and a good many of us have been bitten already."

The lively sympathy which he took in the wants of his subordinates was shown during his first voyage in the *St. Vincent*, in which we find him helping a seaman to send home 10*s.*

from Lisbon to his wife at Portsea. In the *Cambrian* many of the seamen experienced his peculiar thoughtfulness for others, knowing that they were sure of a kind word from the young cadet, and if possible a helping hand. His well-kept little library was ever circulating amongst the more thoughtful seamen, as well as amongst his own messmates. Out of small means he helped many in pecuniary difficulties; and others sought him for information on a variety of subjects, and for paper, pens, and pencils, and other little requirements of sea life. This unselfish thought for others, illustrated in a variety of small and trifling ways, which distinguished him at this period, was a most prominent characteristic through life. A case of this kind comes before us in a letter from Bombay, March, 1849, which has been preserved, bespeaking Sir Edward's influence in favour of a soldier who had fallen into disgrace:—

"The bearer of this is a marine, who came out in the *Cambrian* as head sergeant, and, having been on the recruiting service for many years, was in the habit of drinking

when he could get a chance, and one day he was drunk at quarters, and through that is now only a private. Since then he has left off drinking altogether, and is now a very steady, civil old man. His time being nearly up is the reason of his going home, and his pension will be only 10*d.* a day. He therefore wants some situation, and if you could do him any good in the way of getting him one where he would not have too hard work, I should feel much obliged to you. His character is very good indeed from the ship, and but for that one unfortunate circumstance he would have had about 2*s.* 6*d.* instead of 10*d.* He is, I am sure, greatly to be pitied, as in the recruiting service he was forced to be continually drinking, and he could not very well help getting into the habit. I am sure you will do all in your power towards doing him any good."

At Bombay he witnessed the naming of a native ship according to the Hindoo custom, not very unlike the English, except that the heathen appear rather to advantage in adding a religious observance (superstitious doubt-

less), whereas the Christian omits religion from the ceremony altogether. Of this he wrote, March 30th, 1849 :—

"I went ashore two or three days after we came in to see a very superstitious custom that the ship-builders have here, namely, when any vessel is laid down they have a small silver nail about eight inches long, which they drive into the stern-post, and meanwhile all the men employed about her say prayers and throw some rose-water over everybody there, and give nosegays and cakes away to them. They would not go on building the vessel if they did not drive the nail into her, as they believe that they would never finish her without it."

Of himself he says, at the same period :—

"I am getting on very well with navigation, being able to work a college sheet through, and also keep up my French as well as I can, although I am not able to do very well. I am sorry to say that I never draw, and although I very often make up my mind to make a beginning, I somehow or other never do. I have kept up my German very

fairly, and like it very much. The Brazilian midshipman we had on board the *St. Vincent* helps me much, as he speaks it very well. I get on so-so with trigonometry, but I have been learning Euclid principally, and so have not had any time for it. I hope that I shall pass (for midshipman) in a month, and so from this time, and at last, mount the white patch."

The Commander writes of him, March 30th, 1849:—

"He is, in my opinion, possessed of very good abilities, and far outstrips the others of his age. He is very good-tempered and well disposed. I thought at one time that he was getting a little vain, through some of his shipmates making him acquainted with their opinions of him rather too freely, but I think that has worn off. I have myself cautiously kept from commending him; indeed, I have, I fear, spoken more harshly once or twice than I should otherwise do, and I have tried to dissuade others from doing what would be injurious.

"It is seldom that I have spoken to him

upon the more important subject. Indeed, I am persuaded he is aware of the importance of first of all serving God, and trust, as he grows, he will become more and more firm in his resolution. My cabin is at his command, during my absence from it, for purposes of retirement and prayer."

Commander (now Admiral) J. H. Cockburn, of H.M.S. *Hastings*, testifies to the character of the young sailor in a letter to Lady Parry from Trincomalee, August 4th, 1849 :—

"I rejoice again in the occasion to write to you to tell of your 'dear sailor boy.' We have been together the last month. I have had much pleasure in seeing him frequently and becoming intimate with him. He continues to advance in health, both in body and mind; he is much commended by Commodore and Commander, is liked by all on board, and even on shore in the small community here he is a favourite. He is zealous, active, and attentive to his duty, and far ahead of all his companions in his studies; he is innocent-minded, and kind-hearted to a fault.

"I know he is a good correspondent, and

therefore he will draw his own picture. We have generally gone to church together on Sundays (P.M.); and, though he does not enter upon religious topics with the zeal of a convert, he evidences a mind fully imbued and a moral uncorrupted. Last time we were at church we were so placed that we had not light enough to read our Prayer-Books; he sung all the Psalms, and made all the responses, as if he had been reading, showing a good ear and good training."

The death of Admiral Sir Francis Collier on the 28th October, 1849, gave Commodore Plumridge the command-in-chief of the East India and China squadrons once more. The Commodore landed at Trincomalee, and Commander H. G. Morris took the command of the *Cambrian* as Acting Captain. Whilst holding this temporary command Captain Morris originated brief daily morning prayers in his own cabin for the midshipmen. This expedient was a recognition of a great want—the want of privacy for individual prayer, as regards young officers—which commended itself highly to Charles Parry, as well as to

others of his messmates. Public morning prayers are now daily read on board all ships in the Navy. He also established a class in his own cabin for the younger midshipmen, at which they received religious instruction from the chaplain every Sunday afternoon. As Commander he had always placed his ward-room cabin at the disposal of Charlie, a privilege which was also accorded by another officer, whose cabin, being in the cockpit, made it more accessible to the young cadet. Of these measures he writes from Bombay, December 31st, 1849:—

"Although you will not receive this letter till the middle of February, I hope you will remember that it was written on the close of the last year, and that the dark-coloured individual who wrote it did not forget to wish all his relations and friends in England a very happy and prosperous New Year, although he was too far away to prove it by word of mouth. Our chaplain gave us a delightful sermon yesterday forenoon, on the commencement of a new year, and it was really something very remarkable to see the eagerness with which

the men listened to it. Some of them actually got up gradually, and remained standing up the whole time. They are generally not very attentive, I am sorry to say.

"We have now been, by the Captain's wish, about an hour every Sunday for the last three ones with the chaplain, and we are now going through the Church Catechism with him, and he explains it all to us." . . . . .

Acknowledging his birthday letters, the receipt of which had been delayed, he writes from Bombay, February 23rd, 1850:—

"How delightful to think that my next birthday (if I ever be allowed to have another in this world) will most likely be spent on the passage home! For, as dearest mamma in her nice letter says, 'no happiness is like the family fireside happiness.' And how glad shall I be when I again become 'a member of the fireside circle, telling some of my many adventures and the wonders of the world!' I am afraid you all will be rather disappointed as to my ability in that respect. You must remember that I never had the knack (if I may make use of the expression) of relating any

adventure whatever, and I can assure you that I am just as dull as ever now."

One, at least, of his messmates derived, during this period, much advantage from their frequent communings, whilst walking the deck together during a portion of the first night-watch, taking sweet counsel of that which lay nearest their hearts. From Charles Parry he received instruction and sympathy in holy things, as they talked of their mutual temptations and religious difficulties. At such times home and home examples frequently supplied the most touching themes, whilst the loan of devotional and other books supplied what might be lacking in the intervals of these nightly conversations. Amongst these latter "Thomas à Kempis" and Burder's "Sermons" were at this time especial favourites. Thus in a quiet, unobserved way the ministry of life was carried into spiritual things by one who was ever most reserved in public in such matters. But the youthful reader of "Thomas à Kempis" was no recluse. To many of his shipmates he was known chiefly as one always ready to take part in boyish fun of all innocent

kinds, to others simply by his sedulous attention to public duties, and to all by his unfailing consideration and unselfish feeling for even the least worthy.

Orders for home were at length received, and on the 30th October, 1850, Charles Parry arrived at Plymouth, and about three weeks afterwards reached Haslar. Meanwhile, his father's heart was gladdened by a note from the Commander of the *Cambrian*, whilst paying off at Devonport, in which he testified:—

"I hope you may find your son in every respect such as you would desire. I have not spoken a word to him on the subject of religion for a very long while; but I judge the tree by its fruit, and though I once thought he was relaxing a little, I rejoiced to find that my fears were groundless, and if faults there be, I will take my full share of them, for I am the most likely to be in the wrong. I will say no more of him than that I often wish my own earlier days had been as consistent."

Commodore Plumridge wrote no less favourably:—

"Your son, I am happy to say, is one of the

very best and most exemplary midshipmen of the *Cambrian*, and has not only a claim for anything in my power, but of any and all indulgences the service can grant. . . . I shall be wofully disappointed if he does not make a first-rate officer, for I believe him to be both clever and good."

CHAPTER II.

Amphitrite.—Witness for Christ.—Valparaiso and the Pacific.—Religious Life and Influence.

1851—1852.

THE Christmas of 1850-51, spent in the midst of the happy home at Haslar, passed only too quickly for those who, amidst the many changes of earthly life, were never again to meet, an unbroken family circle, on earth.

On New Year's-day, 1851, according to an entry made in his father's hand, "Charlie received the Holy Communion for the first time."

On the last day of the same month he joined the frigate *Amphitrite*, Captain Frederick, on the point of sailing from Spithead to the Pacific, having been appointed to the *Portland*, flag-ship of Admiral (Sir Fairfax) Moresby, Commander-in-chief on that station.

Surely it was the shadow of a yet longer parting which fell on his loving father's heart,

when, the moment before he left the door to accompany his son on board ship, he drew him aside into a room, praying for "one kiss, my boy, while we are still alone, for we may never meet again." Sir Edward thus describes the parting in two letters to Lady Parry, already published in his Memoir:*—

"Haslar, January 31, 1851.

. . . . "Now I must give you some little account of our day thus far, which, in the midst of much that is sorrowful in our parting, demands our warmest gratitude to Him who ordereth all things well.

"The day, as you were aware, cleared up just as we were starting to go on board the *Sprightly* steamer to meet the Admiral.

"If we had been superstitiously inclined, we should have called it a good omen, but it was cheering, and I hope we were thankful to Him who sent it. Our precious Charlie's leaving home was a really trying thing. He was greatly overcome in taking leave of all—sisters, servants, everybody. I really did not

* Published by Messrs. Longman & Co.

know how to stand it myself, and felt it more than a comfort—a real mercy—to have to take him on board with dear E——, and to have to rough it a little in boats, vessels, &c. The Admiral came before half-past ten, and off we went, taking not more than twenty minutes to reach the *Amphitrite* at Spithead. The Captain was most kind, and, indeed, all seemed as favourable for our beloved boy as we could desire. He at once mixed with the other mids, &c., and, though we knew his heart was half breaking (as I am sure mine was) at our parting, he behaved like a man; and, after two or three leave-takings, we came away with the Admiral, getting back to my office at half-past twelve. I feel it to be an eventful day, and when weak in faith—as, alas! it often is—I could give way to many forebodings of never seeing my boy on earth again; but I earnestly desire and pray to commit it all to Him who careth for us."

"February 1st, 1851.

"I have just returned from the sea-wall, where I have been straining my eyes through

the fog to catch a last sight of the *Amphitrite.* After watching her for about an hour and a quarter, knowing that she must go soon, having a fine E.N.E. wind, at length, at a quarter to five, I saw the sails loosed, and at five minutes past five she was fairly under way. I spent that hour and a half in prayer for my precious boy, and when the ship was moving I knelt down on that black stone seat and poured out my whole heart, with strong crying and tears, on his behalf. I felt as if I never knew what prayer was before."

Meanwhile, the young sailor had entered bravely into the thick of the Christian fight, and had witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. No greater contrast could well be imagined than between the helpful sympathy of a home where an atmosphere of piety pervades every enjoyment, and the ordeal in which the boy of seventeen had now to test his Christian principles. The act of kneeling for private prayer was at this period almost unknown on ship-board. With what astonishment, then, must his messmates have witnessed, for the

first time, Charles Parry kneeling in prayer at his chest before going to bed! And when morning came, and this act was repeated, we can well understand the jeers and scoffs which would reach the ear of the lad learning to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ." The marks in his Bible tell us he knew that "whosoever shall confess Christ before men, him will He confess before His Father in heaven." This public manifestation of Christ before men was so foreign to his retiring nature, and the opposition it was sure to awaken so repugnant to his amiable disposition, that nothing but the clearest necessity could have induced him to do such violence to his inmost feelings. So sacred, indeed, were such matters in his eyes, that no mention of the practice appears in his home letters, whilst in his private journal the allusions to it are so vague that we are indebted to an eye-witness for the full interpretation of the passages which refer to it.

"*Friday, January 31st,* 1851.— . . . . I read the little 'Still Waters' for this evening upon the 'Love of God' at nine o'clock, and then

went to bed. My hammock hangs over my chest in the cockpit. I hope I may never omit, morning and evening, to thank God for His great love towards me, and pray that I may, by His help, be led to do what is right in His sight, and not be stopped from reading His Word by the revilings and jeers of any of my messmates.

"*Sunday, Feb. 2nd.*— . . . . . We (J. M. and self) read the 51st chapter of Isaiah together. What a beautiful chapter, and how suitable for a ship! 'Though men shall revile you.' Yes, though men may revile, God will be with us; and if we but go to Him in faith, He will hold us up and comfort us.

"I am sure that the real way on board a ship is to commence *soon*—AT ONCE—what you intend to practise, and it will not be so difficult for you afterwards. The commencement is, I am sure, the most difficult for us. I think when your messmates see what you are, and that you do not wish to enter into any foolish conversation, they will soon leave off laughing at you and making fun of you. If they see that their nicknames, &c., have no effect, they

will very soon leave them off, and leave you alone.

"May I be strengthened by God to stand up against them that make fun of me, and let me not be ashamed to read often with M——, and may our readings together be profitable to both of us!"

He was destined to find many Christian friends and spend many happy days in the *Amphitrite*. But it was under the influence of the first vigorous start, and its necessary consequences, that the two following letters were written while the *Amphitrite* still lay at Spithead before leaving England.

To his father:—

"Many, many thanks for all your acceptable and truly comforting notes by the tank. All yesterday I was very low, and when I was on deck, with my eyes turned towards home, I could not help feeling rather more so, although I ought to be thankful that I have had so long and such a happy time as I have had. I feel sure that Christmas, 1850, and the commencement of 1851, will never be forgotten by me as long as I live; and the way I tried

to comfort myself yesterday was by thinking of the last two months, and looking forward to the time when (if I am spared to see it) I next should meet you all again, and, if it be God's will to spare us all till then, I hope that we may meet in about two years and a half.

"My hammock hangs over my chest in the cockpit, and I slept fairly well, considering all things, last night. I have not got my things nearly to rights, but I hope to do a good deal to-day.

"We sail, I believe, at about two o'clock this afternoon, and I shall look forward to another letter from you at Devonport with great pleasure. I begin watch this afternoon, so at twelve o'clock you may think of me as being on deck, and, I am glad to say, in J. M.'s watch."

To Lady Parry:—

"Plymouth Sound, February 3, 1851.

. . . . "I shall treasure up your text, and endeavour often to repeat it over to myself on deck when I am pacing up and down. I

wish to make J. M. my real friend and adviser so long as I am on board, and I am sure that he will do everything in his power to help me. I hope we may be able to read together very often, and ask God's help to be able to stand up against the jeers, some of which we must expect at first.

"We have no chaplain on board either, and I think that that is such a disadvantage, because, although naval chaplains seldom do more than they are really obliged to do, yet, without one, service on Sundays is too often neglected upon some trivial little objection or other; and as I heard last Sunday said by more than one officer, at about eleven o'clock A.M., 'Oh! to-morrow's Sunday!' They actually did not know what day it was, and had made no difference between it and any other day in anything!"

For the long period of five years Charles was absent on the Pacific station, serving successively in the *Amphitrite*, *Portland*, and *Trincomalee*. In May, 1853, he passed provisionally for lieutenant, and was appointed acting mate, passing his final seamanship

examination in the end of the next month. He was made acting lieutenant of the *Trincomalee* by the Commander-in-chief on 5th January, 1854, but his lieutenant's commission was not confirmed by the Admiralty till April 20, 1855.

During this time he spent the latter part of 1853 in hospital at Valparaiso in consequence of a severe accident to his eye, sustained in skylarking with his young messmates on board the *Portland.*

The following letters, together with some extracts from a journal kept regularly throughout these years, show how the boy grew into the man. His exclusion from personal contact with home influences during the whole of a period all-important to the development of character accounts possibly in a great degree for the measure of taciturnity and reserve which marked him in after life. The sorrow which he felt at hearing of his father's death (1855), when far away from all who could feel for him, and in which he was compelled to suffer alone, contributed, no doubt, to the same result. But we are anticipating the progress

of events. Of his life in the *Amphitrite* he wrote to his father:—

"At sea, February 18, 1851.

"· · · · · I am certain that I could not have taken passage out in a better or more comfortable ship than this one. Not a single thing which could at all add to the comfort of all on board is left undone if known by the Captain. *All*, I am glad to say, *all* my messmates appear to be most gentlemanly and quiet in their behaviour, which I think a good deal to say, is it not? I feel confident that J. M. has had a good deal to do in putting a stop to all bad language, &c., which might have been the case if no one had taken any trouble at the beginning. They all more or less, I think, respect and look up to him in nearly everything, and I hope that what has been commenced by him will be carried out by the oldsters belonging to this berth after he leaves the ship, which in all probability will be shortly after our arrival on the Pacific station.

"The first Sunday I was at sea I tried to

fancy myself at home with you all, keeping and following your times of doing the several things you generally do on Sundays, and trying to make myself see you all as if I were with you. J. M. and I have fixed upon having some reading together in S.'s cabin every Sunday afternoon when the gun-room officers are at dinner. It is very nice even only to have so short a time together for quiet reading. May our readings, though short, be the means of making us try to be more particular in all our actions through the week, and may God give us strength to stand up against the temptations which we are all so much in danger of falling into!

"*February 25th.*—We have a Spanish class in the evenings now, and I hope to be able to pick up a little smattering of it before we reach Valparaiso. It is from 8 to 9 P.M. in the Captain's cabin, and consists of as yet only six. There is a great scarcity of Spanish books amongst us, so we must do the best we can. They were things I never once thought of, or else I should have liked to have had some.

"*March 4th.*—Last Sunday, the Naval Instructor asked us if any should like to have some reading with him in the Captain's cabin, and we commenced an extremely interesting book, a 'History of the Jews,' and if possible we are always going to have some reading on Sundays.

"We get more and more comfortable every day on board. In the evenings we have all sorts of games, &c.—single-sticks are the favourite, I think. I get dreadfully knocked about with them as yet, but I dare say, before long, I shall get on a little better. I think it is a game well worth getting the worst of for some time, as afterwards one has the satisfaction of being able to protect yourself if common attention be paid at first.

"To-day we had no church service, but this afternoon the Naval Instructor asked some of us if we should like to go into the Captain's cabin to read a little, and so I and four others went in with him, and we read the Psalms, Lessons, Gospel, and Epistle for the day, and also the eighth chapter of Romans. I was very glad we were able to have some reading,

as it served as a remembrance of what day it is; and without anything, we are all, at least I know I am, too ready to let it pass by without thinking of it at all."

The Naval Instructor appears to have continued this practice on Sunday afternoons, several of the midshipmen attending at this period. Charlie invariably read the Bible at his chest in the cockpit, by the light of the secretary's lantern, before going to bed; even at midnight, after the first watch. His quiet consistency and genial kindness won upon many of his messmates, several of whom met every Sunday in a cabin for prayer and reading under the leadership of J. M., the senior mate, a practice which subsequently became daily. Romaine's "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith" and Pike's "Early Piety" appear to have been the favourite books. Their efforts and example were not without result to others as well as to themselves. One such instance is recorded, Sunday, April 22, 1851:—

"W., a midshipman, is an instance of God's great mercy and goodness. He has been for some weeks on the sick-list, and

during this time J. M. has had many opportunities of speaking with him upon religious subjects, and has been an instrument of bringing him to know what a fallen sinner he is, and of teaching him that, if he hopes to be saved everlastingly, he must pray earnestly to be directed in the right way, and put his whole trust on Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' God be praised, he has since then, in the face of all the steerage, knelt down, morning and evening, and offered up his prayers to his Maker. For the first few days, I am sorry to say, and yet glad to say, that a few made remarks upon him when he was kneeling down, and yet he has had strength enough given to withstand the temptation of returning to his former way. I am sorry for the sake of those who laughed at him, as they could not know the sin they were committing, or else surely they would not have done it. Again, I am glad, because their laughing at him, and he not being so weak as to mind, showed them that he did not care what they said about him, and I hope it may act, in some way, towards teaching others to follow after

him in the same way, not minding the rebukes of their messmates, who, unfortunately, may not know better. Is not W.'s case an instance of God's mercy? J. M. is the instrument in His hands of doing a great deal of good on board. May it be blessed to himself!"

Arriving at Valparaiso on the 12th May, his friend, the senior mate, was appointed acting lieutenant of the *Gorgon*, and the little band of devout midshipmen were left without a leader, thus putting their steadfastness to a severe test, which they happily endured successfully.

About ten days afterwards the *Amphitrite* sailed for Callao, from whence he writes in June, 1851:—

"One of the boys belonging to the ship met his death in a melancholy way the other morning. We were going about eight and a half knots an hour, and stowing our hammocks, when it was found that this boy was missing. What almost makes it worse is that he was a beautiful swimmer, and, as there was little or no sea on, he may have been kept above water

for hours and hours, during which time he must have been in an awful state, although it would have been a short time for him to have prepared himself for death. I hope his loss has been a warning to many on board, as well as to myself, that may not be disregarded, of how uncertain a thing life is, and I need not ask you to pray that I may be kept from the many, many great temptations which occur on board a ship, as well as on shore, and that I may have power and strength given to me from above to have victory over and to triumph against the world, the flesh, and the devil. I feel what a great blessing it is for me to be able to read the Bible morning and evening, even if it only be a few verses; and that little book of P.'s, "Still Waters," is a precious little book, and it is so pleasant referring to it during the day, as I always keep it in my desk, so it is very handy."

At Callao, Charlie and his companions were introduced to a gentleman whose house was opened every Sunday for divine service, which they attended regularly, experiencing much kindness from the officiating clergy-

man, and from some members of the congregation.

Cricket matches, seine fishing, and other recreations on shore were entered into most heartily, whilst his exuberant spirits and genial temperament made him a leader in most of the amusements going on on board.

The extent to which he went into these latter often alarmed his sober-minded friends for his consistency, and from his journal it would appear that he was not insensible to the danger, regarding "too much skylarking as a waste of time."

At Valparaiso he was introduced to Mr. Trumbull, an American Nonconformist, whose house was ever open to well-disposed English officers. Describing his first service at Mr. Trumbull's chapel, Charlie adds, "Such a touching sermon, I shall never forget it. He spoke of the trials many had to contend with at Valparaiso (at least, many of the happy few who feared God). He thought that this was one of the places where Christ's soldiers had to fight most manfully, and alluded to the small number of the higher classes of English-

men here who feared God, and spoke quite touchingly about the lower orders here, saying that he knew of many of them whose prospects in business had been nearly ruined by being true Christians, who yet continued firm and steadfast. God grant that their numbers may increase, and that the rich men here may soon learn how vain are the riches of this world without the fear of God!"

At the English Church he had the opportunity, for the first time since leaving home, of receiving the Lord's Supper, of which he availed himself after much self-examination. Resting on Christ's words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," he writes, "Why then should I not go and, praying God to renew a new spirit, a spirit of humility, within me, ask His forgiveness for all my past offences and sins, and also for His assistance for the future to amend my life?"

The arrival of the *Portland* at Valparaiso, on the 20th September, 1851, enabled Charles to join his proper ship. Next day being Sunday, he records:—

"The Commander called me just before the

service began, and told me that there would be no singularity in *kneeling* down, as a good many of the officers did so. I must say I almost felt ashamed of doing so, but I trust God may give me strength, and teach me not to be ashamed when I do so again.

"How glad I was to see that M., who was sitting next to me, knelt down also! and I heard afterwards that it was the first time he had done so for a long time, having left off because some of the others hinted at him in a joking manner. God grant that I may be enabled to continue doing so, and not fear the taunts and jests of any one, although I know I am so very liable to do so! . . . .

"It is a great advantage to me having the Commander's cabin to go into before I turn in. It is under the poop, quite out of the way, and there is no one to disturb me. How thankful I ought to be for the many mercies God has shown me, and, in the words of 'Still Waters' for this evening, 'O may I ne'er forget the blessings of my God!'"

A week after joining the *Portland* he was

selected to accompany Commander J. C. Prevost and a small party of thirteen men in the mail steamer running from Valparaiso to Panama for the defence of her silver freight, which the revolutionists at Coquimbo were desirous of seizing. They captured a small English steamer from the revolutionists *en route*, and of which Charles took charge into Coquimbo. The defence party were divided at Cobija, Charles Parry returning to Valparaiso in charge of one portion in the mail steamer. Whilst on this service he writes to one of his sisters :—

"You must accept my best wishes for the many happy returns of the 15th. I did not fail to think of you on that day, and to offer up prayers for your health and safety for many years to come. Indeed, our little mutual friend, 'Still Waters,' will not allow us to forget any birthdays, will it? It is so very pleasant to be able to think that though so many thousand miles separate us from each other, yet we both read the same little verse. I am nearly always able to read it, and always do when I possibly can.

"Often do I think of those very delightful readings we used to have together in the mornings before prayers (at Haslar), and the dear little book you used to read to me, 'Ruth.' What a blessing for me that I was enabled to receive the Sacrament whilst I was at home with you all, during those never-to-be-forgotten-by-me happy weeks last Christmas! I feel, dearest L., that those weeks were an era in my life, and I sincerely hope that the good I derived from them may continue to grow in me and with me. The Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Epiphany has been my constant friend ever since my dear father first recommended it to my use, on leaving England in the *Amphitrite;* and you cannot conceive how especially useful it is for every seafaring person, particularly in the mid's berth, where one is exposed to so much, and so great temptations.

"I was particularly struck with the very nice singing they have on board the *Portland* in church. They sing so nicely together."

Admiral Moresby having kindly re-appointed him to the *Amphitrite*, he joined the

Driver at Valparaiso for passage to the coast of Mexico; but after visiting many of the Mexican ports, and enjoying a very interesting cruise, he returned to Valparaiso on the 20th of January, 1852, where, to his great delight, he found the *Amphitrite*. After a cruise to the island of Juan Fernandez, and to some of the southern Chilian ports, the *Amphitrite* embarked twenty months' provisions for conveyance to Port Clarence, Behring Straits, for the use of the Arctic exploring ships, which, under Captains Collinson and M'Clure, were endeavouring to force a passage through the ice from the westward.

Before sailing from Valparaiso Charlie and five other young officers of various ships met together on board a recaptured vessel, where he records, March 4th:—

"We had a little reading and prayer before our separation. We commenced by a prayer from G., thanking God for past mercies vouchsafed to us, and for the present opportunity afforded us for reading His Word, asking for grace to understand and profit by what we

read. We then read Acts vii., followed by a prayer from J. M. After this we read 2 Thess. iii., and W. offered up a short prayer in conclusion. We all ought to be very thankful for having such a quiet place for our little meeting together.

"After we broke up we went to Mr. Trumbull's Thursday-evening meeting, and then came on board again.

"*March 5th.*—To-morrow Mr. Armstrong (English chaplain) has very kindly promised to have a private Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for a few of us who are now going to be separated from each other. I trust, unworthy as I am, that I may be permitted, by God's grace, to be a partaker of it. How very good our Heavenly Father has been in giving us this meeting during the last three weeks! May it be the means of strengthening us all in our future reliance on Him who suffered on the Cross for our sins!

"What a beautiful text in 'Still Waters' for this evening—1 Peter v. 7!

"*Saturday, March 6th.*—We had a delightful little meeting to-day on shore. We were five

in number. Two were not able to come. We received the Sacrament, and I sincerely hope and trust that 'the Body and Blood of Christ may preserve my soul and body unto everlasting life.' Oh, what a blessed privilege to be allowed occasionally to meet at the table of the Lord's Supper, and be partakers of His Flesh and Blood!

"*Sunday, March 7th.*—We left Valparaiso yesterday afternoon. Captain P. came on board with J. M. to see us off, and Captain P. gave me a 'Memoir of M'Cheyne,' which he recommended to me as an exceedingly nice book. He had a long yarn with me, and only impressed more on my mind what a true friend he is. . . . . .

"This afternoon we met in Mr. F. M.'s cabin, where we had a little reading and prayer together. I hope we may be able to meet regularly on Sundays now again, as we did coming out from England. In the evening Mr. F. M. proposed reading the Evening Service in his cabin, as we had no service this morning. So we did so, and he read a sermon afterwards on 'Profession not Prac-

tice:' 'Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven.' It is very pleasant to have so many of us who are allowed the great privilege of reading together, and I trust we may all profit by it."

After leaving Caldera, where they had rejoined the flag-ship,' &c., for a few days, he records the institution by the midshipmen of a daily meeting for reading and prayer.

"*Sunday, March 21st.*—We read this afternoon a sermon on the necessity of living in righteousness, and the great reward to be gained: John xiv. 2, 3, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Room enough for all! Though the way is narrow, the end is wide.

"This evening we read John xiv., the same chapter my dear father read on both occasions of our parting at home. It is a most beautiful one, and so full of comfort.

"We are going to try if we can find time to read a chapter daily. What a great help it will be if we can in the middle of the day! It will so assist us, and act as a reminder against forgetting resolutions made in the morning. We have decided upon half an hour

before one o'clock as being the most uninterrupted time. We are all, I hope, thankful for the opportunities and place we have for reading the Bible quietly together. It is a blessing there is not in every ship.

"*Monday, March 22nd.*—We commenced this afternoon by reading Genesis i., and the commentary upon it. We are thinking of reading right through as far as we can, a chapter in the Old Testament one day, and one in the New the next day. May we be able to keep up the practice of reading, and I am sure we shall find the use of it afterwards! May we be doers and not hearers only!

"*Friday, March 26th.*—I am thankful to be able to say that, by God's blessing, we have been enabled to meet daily in Mr. F. M.'s cabin, and I have found the greatest help from it in checking the many 'thoughts and acts which are so constantly rising within, and which I do not strive earnestly enough to overcome.' My father's collect (Fourth Epiphany) ought to be constantly in my mind, and I ought to be—but I am not, I am sorry to say—continually asking for God's help in

all I do, having the blessed promise before me, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you,' provided He sees it would be good for you. How true it is that the devil goeth about as a lion, seeking whom he may devour, ever putting evil thoughts into our minds to divert our attention from things not pleasing to him! God protect me from the snares of his net, and show me the way to resist him, that he may flee from me!

"*Sunday, March 28th.*— San Lorenzo (Callao) was in sight this morning, and we had no service with the ship's company on account of the captain looking out for the ship. So we read the Psalms and Lessons in the cabin (M.'s), and a sermon on 'foolish talking and jesting,' which is so appropriate to me, as I do lose so much time in foolish talking and skylarking.

"*Sunday, June 13th.*—We are going to alter our time for reading daily, from half-past twelve to one o'clock, to between two and three o'clock, P.M., when the gun-room officers are at dinner, as we find lately that there have

been so many interruptions that we often do not read at all."

On completing his fifth year in the navy, on May 4, 1852, he thus describes himself:—

"I fancy my memory has improved lately a little, or, whether or no, I remember better perhaps from paying more attention to things I do and learn. I weighed myself, and am, by the steelyard, one hundred and forty-eight pounds. My height, by rough measure, is five feet seven and a quarter inches. I want to grow two and three-quarter inches more, and then I shall be content. Five feet ten inches would be a very fair height. More would be uncomfortable on board a ship between decks."

At Honolulu, which he reached on 7th May, 1852, he was delighted with the walks, the rides, the bathing in a river, the scenery of the hills, and the waterfalls. He enters with great zest into descriptions of a ball given by the officers on the Queen's birthday, and of a cricket match, in which they defeated the

local club, and then proceeds in a letter to a naval friend:—

"I cannot help feeling more and more that we who '*profess to be Christians*' (what an awful amount of meaning is expressed in the word '*profess!*') ought to be very particular in the consistency of our conduct, as every little thing is brought up against us which we do that is wrong; and although it is a great help to breaking ourselves of the different faults—and we ought to be thankful, and I trust we are, for this—yet for myself, for instance, who am fearfully inconsistent and careless, I find that I am very often led to do many things wrong for fear of being laughed at, and then am open to all sorts of ridicule, which though I ought to bear patiently, I very often cannot. I do indeed constantly by my actions prove that I fear men rather than God, and stick too much to the vanities of this sinful world for fear of being thought singular.

"It is a great blessing that we have such good opportunity on board this ship for reading the Bible, which we endeavour to do

daily, between half-past twelve and one, altogether in F. M.'s cabin, and I find it is a great help in the middle of the day. Do you not find the same? I am sure you must."

"Hitherto," he records, 19th October, 1852, "in our afternoon reading together, we have been accustomed to make use of some prayers in a little book of F.'s; but in future we are going to try if we can manage to say one, as we think it would be better after a short time, although difficult at first. May God give us his help in doing this, and put the words in our mouths, through Jesus Christ our Saviour!" And on the 24th October he writes, "In reading this afternoon, I made my first attempt at a prayer of my own, and found it far more difficult than I thought. I could not find words to say what I wished, and can only hope that by constant prayer to God, I may be enabled to conquer this failing, and have words put into my mouth. However, I feel sure it will be better for us in a short time; and, after all, what are words, if, however imperfect they are, the prayers come from the heart? May this always be the case with

us, and may we learn to love God more and more every day, and feel how entirely dependent we are on Him for every single act of ours!"

On his nineteenth birthday he faithfully records his past "shortcomings and failings, broken resolutions and unresisted temptations, cold prayers and miserable unbelief," and prays, "Grant me Thine ever-ready assistance, to enable me to lead a new life; and O God, forgive all my past offences and sins, many and great though they have been, through the blood of Thy dear Son, which was shed to save even such a sinner as me!"

Amongst the many similar notices of this period, he dwells much on the need of more earnestness in prayer. "For our wants we are told to 'pray without ceasing,' making known our wants unto God, in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour. This is what my dearest father and mother are so constantly telling me to bear in mind, that there is nothing like prayer for everything. For the least thing God is ready and willing to listen to, being always more ready to hear than we are

to pray; always ready to grant whatsoever He thinks would be for our benefit (this is a great thing!) if we will only ask Him for it in a spirit of faith, trusting to His mercy and everlasting lovingkindness to give it."

Though his excursions on shore were generally for physical recreation and amusement, or to enter into general society, we find him sometimes seated under a tree, with a like-minded companion, reading a religious book, praying, or taking counsel together. Thus, at Mazatlan, he mentions that "we (F. and self) went for a walk outside the town, and then sat down and had a long talk about religion, which we seldom do for any length of time, as I find it so difficult to give vent to my feelings in words. We made a resolution to help each other more than we do, and asked for assistance from above to open our hearts more to each other, and to tell each other of our respective faults, which any one else can see so much easier than we can ourselves."

Always sensitive to his own shortcomings, and at this time more than ever reserved in

speaking of religion to others not likeminded with himself, he makes at least one exception, which is noted in his journal, where direct religious influence was exercised upon another.

"*November 28th*, 1852.—An instance of the wonderful providence of God occurred this afternoon in turning M.'s attention to the fact of one of our ship's boys being inclined to be serious. He was reading in his cabin with the Bible open before him, when the boy came to him on some business. M. asked him if he ever read his Bible; he said he did, and would like to do so oftener. When asked if he ever prayed, he said he did so in his hammock every night, and altogether he appeared both anxious and willing to read and learn. So this evening we read a sermon with him on conformity to the world, showing how much he must pray to resist the temptation which must needs be of being laughed at and ridiculed for reading the Bible when the men got to know of his doing so, and they must before long. May God give him strength to keep him steadfast in his resolutions for the future!"

CHAPTER III.

Amphitrite and *Portland*.—Pacific.—Meetings at Valparaiso.—Pitcairn Island.—Passes for Lieutenant.—Callao.

1853.

AMONGST the accumulated packets of home letters which reached our sailor at San Francisco, were some which told him that a former messmate in the *Cambrian* was coming out to the Pacific. Much to his delight, on anchoring at Valparaiso, March 25, 1853, the first person who boarded his ship was this friend, the senior mate of the *Trincomalee*, which, with the *Portland*, was lying there.

"God," he writes, "has granted us this meeting, for which I trust we may both be truly grateful, and make it a means of help to us. Although I was afraid to be too sanguine, something convinced me it was to take place. And now for letters—I have such a parcel. All's well! God be praised for this, and all

His other innumerable mercies vouchsafed to me! O that I could feel more deeply a sense of my own sins, and my need of a Saviour! How much I need Thy aid and forgiveness, O my God! Do Thou grant it me for the sake and through the intercession of my Redeemer!"

Going on board his friend's ship the next evening he found him with a cabin all to himself, "most comfortable and convenient." The journal proceeds :—

"We had a long talk about home affairs. How warmly he speaks of them all at my home! It makes me love him more, and, if possible, *them* too. I feel how much more thankful I ought to be for having such good, affectionate friends as they are, and such a father. Oh! how ungrateful I am for all God's mercies to me, in having so blessed me!

"D. and I had a nice little prayer together, in which he thanked God for having heard our prayers that we might meet, and prayed that our friendship might not only be sincere, but truly Christian; that we might not only try to remain firm friends on earth,

but endeavour, by God's assistance, to live that we may remain friends in eternity. I trust sincerely our prayers may be answered, being offered in our Saviour's name.

"According to their custom on board the *Trincomalee*, at seven o'clock, we went to the gunner's cabin. He is a most truly good person, and an old soldier in Christ's service. There we met two men, both petty officers, who are true Christians, and W., a nice little naval cadet, a great friend of D.'s, and who meets with no ill-feeling from others in the berth, having so good a champion to befriend him should they be so inclined.

"D. commenced by reading a hymn. Then he prayed, and most sweet are his prayers, and so fervent. After another hymn, he read a chapter—Romans xii.—a very suitable one, I thought; but it was not picked out, it was one in their regular course. 'Let your love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.' Mr. C. then explained the whole so clearly, that I could not help feeling what a happiness it must be to be a true worshipper

of God, to have the understanding opened to understand the Scriptures.

"After his explanation, each of the two seamen prayed. I never thought seamen capable of having such fluency of speech in this way, so much am I mistaken in what seamen can become by the knowledge of their Saviour. It did me, I am glad to say, much good. It lowered myself more in my own opinion. I felt how far inferior I was to them; how much better they were than myself, and what I might become if I would only keep God's commandments, and ask for His assistance with sincerity, in Christ's name, to think less of those things which are temporal, and more of the things which are eternal.

"*Sunday, March 27th,* 1853.—After our service on board this morning four of us from the two ships went to the church on shore, and were in time for about half the service and sermon by Mr. Hill, the new clergyman. We then received the Sacrament, and I trust that we all, and myself in particular, received it with a proper spirit, and a sincere desire to turn from our sins and trust in the Lord. Oh!

may I see my sins in their proper light, and how great the necessity is of repenting whilst there is forgiveness to be obtained!

"This is a time from which I trust I shall be able to trace my progress in religion, and the increase of love to my God and Saviour. 'Christ our Lord is risen to-day, hallelujah!' Oh! may I think of this more; may I remember that He is now on the right hand of God to make intercession for even me, if I will but go to Him and pray with sincerity and wholeness of heart! We are assured, and I ought to *feel*, from the innumerable blessings with which I am surrounded, that God is indeed a hearer and answerer of prayer.

"*Sunday, April 3rd*, 1853.—After my afternoon watch to-day, I went on board the *Trincomalee*, and as usual to D.'s cabin, where we read the chapter which has been so impressed upon my mind by the fact of my father having (I believe unconsciously) read it on both occasions of my leaving home, in the *Cambrian* and in this ship, viz., John xiv. How loving, how affectionate and full of consolation, if I could but bear in mind that

Christ has gone to prepare a place for *me* amongst the many mansions! . . . .

"We went to Mr. Trumbull's chapel this evening, and had a sermon from Mr. Nobbs, the new minister for Pitcairn's Island, who had been to England to be ordained, and is now on board the *Portland*, waiting for a passage in her with his daughter, whom he brought here and left whilst he went to England. . . . He spoke very nicely of his little flock on the island, and of the great blessing that had been with them, from the glad tidings of great joy which had been given to them all, in the knowledge of their Saviour, Christ.

"We had a walk after church in a quiet street for about an hour, waiting for the boat, when we had a very nice talk together. How pleasant to be together! I thank God for it."

An accident to his friend in the *Trincomalee* was the occasion of the following letter, written at Valparaiso, 6th April, 1853:—

"Although our time of meeting has been only short, yet I am confident that the two or three times I have been enabled to make one of your

little assemblies in Mr. C.'s cabin has brought me to know my ownself better—to know how sinful my conduct has been on several occasions. I feel now that the Searcher of all hearts, He who alone knows the secret doings of man, and sees them in their proper light, cannot be deceived, though our poor weak fellow-mortals can be so easily, by our outward show. Much, dear fellow, do I need your prayers and those of my friends in your ship, and I am happy in knowing that I shall always have them. I am afraid you are not able to read. How I should like to read to you this evening! But it is not God's pleasure, or else I should, by some way or other, be with you. My note must, in a measure, make this up: but I cannot write what I should like to say to you. However, I am determined for the future in writing to do my best to be as open with you as you are with me. My prayer is that He who is our true Friend, whose love is closer than a brother's, may constantly be with you to shield you from every danger, temporal and spiritual."

He desired to avail himself of an oppor-

tunity, which now occurred, of returning to England to pass his examination for lieutenant, and to go through a course of study in the *Excellent* and at the Naval College at Portsmouth. Admiral Moresby and Captain Frederick both entered cordially into the project. Of the latter he writes:—"I am sure no one was more my friend than my own Captain. He was most kind and warm upon the subject, and if I had been his son could not have been more desirous to assist me." The Admiral, however, found at the last moment that the arrangement was impracticable. To make amends for the disappointment, Admiral Moresby appointed him to his own flag-ship, the *Portland.*

"*Sunday, April 10th,* 1853.—I have great cause now to ask God for strength to assist me in my present shift from this ship, where I have so many advantages in having opportunities for reading the Bible with my companions in Christ, and having become so accustomed to those around me, to the *Portland,* where I shall be, I fear, all alone in the berth, and therefore need so greatly His

assistance to keep me from falling Who is always nigh unto them that call upon Him with sincerity and truth.

". . . . . We went on board the *Trincomalee* in the evening, but were too late to join in with them in their reading and meeting together. However, D. fancied we were in his cabin, and came out to us. . . . . We read a chapter together, Hebrews ii., commencing, 'Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.' How applicable to myself, who am so constantly receiving good advice and making good resolutions, which I am as constantly letting slip and breaking through! Oh! may my God give me strength to renew them and keep them, making this shift (of ships) a fresh commencement! Oh! how much I shall need consistency in my conduct! I *must* commence at once, and, by God's help, so I will.

"*Monday, April 11th*, 1853. I have just returned to the *Amphitrite* from the *Trincomalee*, on board which vessel we have had a most

pleasant farewell, not being able to feel dependent on to-morrow's duty allowing us all to be there.

"The chapter chosen for the occasion was Acts xx. 17th verse to the end, Paul's parting address to the elders of the Church, and exhortation to them to continue building themselves upon the foundation laid for them, the Rock of Ages, the only firm foundation on which to build one's hopes. May my faith in Christ my Saviour be increased, and may my God cause his Holy Spirit to go with me and remain with me constantly in my new ship, that though alone, as regards my earthly companions, I may feel assured that I have a Friend, a Companion, to Whom I may with confidence go in every difficulty!"

He joined the *Portland* on April 12th, 1853, Captain C. Frederick certifying:—"I consider Mr. Parry to be a steady, attentive, and promising young officer." He writes on the following day:—

"I left the *Amphitrite*, where I have been so happy, and where I have had others to help me in that which is right, with many regrets.

All of us met the night I joined the *Portland* on board the *Trincomalee.* I especially was prayed for, that, now it had pleased God to take me away from those with whom I had been for so long, and place me in a ship by myself almost, I might be enabled, by His Holy Spirit helping me, to resist the temptation of minding about the opinion of men. This is greatly to be guarded against on joining a new ship and being with new companions, although I can hardly call that my case, as most of the berth know that I have professed religion in the *Amphitrite.* Perhaps, therefore, it was easier for me to kneel down to say my prayers before turning in, and on turning out in the morning; it did not bring (to my ears, at least) one unpleasant remark, or one symptom of derision, so that I think I have reason to be heartily thankful to the Disposer of all events. I was rather afraid, too, I might not have a place to read in, but almost immediately on my coming on board Mr. S. offered me the use of his cabin, so I now feel most happy, and believe that the Lord careth for me ever.

May this feeling grow in me, and make me more desirous of doing nothing that might bring reproach upon the name of Christ!"

The *Portland*, *Amphitrite*, and *Trincomalee* sailed from Valparaiso on April 15th, and before separating he wrote to his friend in the latter ship:—

"Many thanks for your very welcome note. God bless you for the wishes expressed therein; I trust, through His help, they may be brought to pass. Though absent in body, may we ever be present in spirit, with our Lord, our Friend! May we endeavour to feel that friends in Christ are everlasting friends!

> 'Yet what if ocean lifts its barrier wide?
> *Flesh* it may sever, but not *souls* divide.'

Is not this the feeling to cherish, as it is God's own good will that we should not, for the present, be together?"

His tender care for others is illustrated in the following passage from a letter to his father, July 11th, 1853:—

"I trust it will please God to restore you all to good health again by my next accounts. He has indeed blessed us all wonderfully, and

I hope I feel thankful to Him for the good health I have enjoyed. I often think that I take it as a matter of course, and do not bear in mind that it is God alone who is the Giver. At times when I see sickness about me, I feel otherwise, but then this feeling soon wears off, and I am again cold and unthankful.

"From my old experience in hot oil and laudanum for the ear-ache I was able, the other day, to be of service to one of our young mids, who was suffering very much from it, and had tried several things advised by the doctor without success. It answered capitally with him, and he had several good sleeps the first night he tried it. As we slept nearly close together, when he awoke from pain he could rouse me without any noise by shaking my hammock, and we repeated the operation of heating the oil over the sentry's light in the steerage. It was such a pleasure to see the ease it gave him, and how grateful he was for it. I am sure any one who has had it ever so slightly must feel for any one else suffering from it more than one who has never experienced the pain."

His account of a visit to Pitcairn's Island, in a letter to his father from Callao, July 11th, 1853, may be of general interest :—

". . . . Now for a description of the little 'Isolated Rock in the middle of the Pacific Ocean,' which appeared to view at daylight on Sunday, 16th May. You can easily imagine how warm were the feelings of Mr. Nobbs and his two children as they neared the spot which was endeared to them by so many ties—to the two younger ones as the place of their birth and only home; and to him as the place where he had lived so long, and had been able to be of so much use. Although he had to suffer many trials and undergo many hardships, yet conquering in the end, Mr. Nobbs in this reminded me, when first I heard of him, of that expression in 1 John v.—'Whosoever is born of God, and believeth in God, shall overcome the world.' He has proved this most directly.

"After our morning service, as we were getting close to the island, we saw all the female community grouped together in a flat place just before their little church. We were able to distinguish their figures from the

white dresses they wear, which reflected the sun. When within about a quarter of a mile from Bounty Bay (being the only landing-place this side of the island), and the ship was hove to, a boat came off laden as full as she could be with men, and amongst them Mr. H., our chaplain, who was left behind here in Mr. Nobbs' place. He was looking very thin and unwell, which was accounted for by the fact of his having been on vegetable diet for about five months. There has been a dreadful scarcity of yams (which form their principal means of sustenance), owing to an unusually severe drought. However, he had been very comfortable and very happy, was very much liked by all the islanders, who, though naturally glad to get their old friend and pastor once more safe back amongst them, owned that they were very sorry that his coming led to our chaplain's leaving.

"We took all those who came down to dinner, and it was almost ridiculous to see them eating with so much relish and avidity. It was so nice to hear a set of people speaking our own tongue, and it made me long all the

more to go on shore and see the fair islanders. After dinner I landed with several others who were not strangers, that I might not feel adrift at first. As we neared the shore we saw them running down the steep walk to the water, that they might be ready to welcome us to their island home. No sooner had we got out of the boats than they began kissing us all round, though many besides myself were there for the first time. After the first excitement was over they respectively joined themselves to us, and though at first I was polite enough to take my partner's arm in mine, in a very short time it was *vice versâ*, and I was obliged to keep hold of her proffered hand to help me up the slippery, muddy walk—so slippery that I kept going back further than I went forward, although they themselves, with their bared feet, are able to run up and down. They were so amused at our awkwardness, and at us all stopping to rest and recover breath when we at last arrived at the top. In five or ten minutes, in which short time I had become quite familiar with several, we proceeded towards their

settlement, chatting away and telling, and being told, every little thing likely to be interesting; until we arrived at their chapel, into which we all went for about half an hour, those who had been here before to tell about what had happened since, and the new comers to make themselves acquainted with their names. I was delighted with their manner at first sight, so simple, modest, and gentle they look, and withal so very loving and agreeable. It would be an impossibility not to feel some regard and affection for them after even an hour in their company.

"In the latter part of the afternoon the church bell was rung, and we all went there together. So like the English in their care to have themselves and their little children neat and clean before going. Our chaplain did duty for the last time, not commencing until the magistrate saw that all who could attend were present. Their singing was beautiful. Some had such fine clear voices, and the men and women keeping time together so well, made the hymns they sang sound sweetly. No accompaniment at all, only the tune played

over once on the accordion by the singing-master before they commenced. Then the chaplain gave his farewell sermon, and there was deep silence throughout. He chose a most beautiful text—St. Paul's farewell to the Corinthians, 'Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.' Though short, it was a very earnest sermon. The farewell itself was very touching, and there were few dry eyes amongst his flock. After a hymn, Mr. Nobbs read his certificates, and said in a few words what he had been doing, and how glad he was to return. He acknowledged gratefully the kindness of the Admiral. Before going away they all sang 'Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord,' which reminded me of Well-Walk Chapel when we lived at Hampstead.

"The boy we left behind here to attend on the chaplain had got on exceedingly well, and did duty as an assistant tutor in the school. All are very fond of him, and he would very much like to have been left behind there for some time longer, but his father, who

was on board here as master-at-arms, did not wish it on his mother's account.

"The girls all look so nice in their white dress, without being girt in at the waist, and with short sleeves. They generally wear a blue short petticoat, coming down to their feet, about a foot below the white one, which is always very clean. This comprises all their apparel, having no shoes. A very prettily-made wreath of 'bachelors' buttons,' which grow in abundance on the island, forms their only head-dress.

"Some of the men are very good carpenters, and we have several little specimens of their handiwork in the shape of desks and boxes, made of cocoa-nut, inlaid with lighter wood called flower-wood. They make a great many sticks also, with ivory heads, for which they expect a little money, so as to be able to buy anything they want from the whalers who occasionally call there for water.

"The next morning we rambled all over the island, and saw old Adams's tomb, and the only rescued gun belonging to the *Bounty*, which for a long time used to be mounted by

their flagstaff and fired on the Queen's birthday. But a few months ago, whilst firing it, one of the men was killed, and two more seriously wounded. After this it was discontinued, and now lies half-buried in the brush-wood and fern. After our ramble, we went to dinner, which was prepared for us in the different houses, and we had such a spread! A pig had been killed on purpose, and each family had a little piece for their visitors. Then there were yams, plantains, yam-cake (very good indeed with molasses), bread-fruit, and fowl, besides all descriptions of fruit grown there. It was so different from what we are accustomed to see in our visits out here. Before and after any of their meals they are always very particular to thank God for it. This is a point that I often pass over, and it reminded me forcibly of my ingratitude, seeing them so particular.

"The day before we left nearly every one was on shore, and the band was playing in the settlement all day, off and on. One of the islanders persuaded Captain Chads to allow us to remain on shore, which was the

very thing I longed for, that we might hear the singing. It was really beautiful. One would fancy they had been taught by regular masters instead of having had only about two months' teaching from a visitor. As royalists and British subjects, they make a practice of finishing their singing with 'God save the Queen,' all standing.

"The next morning all of us were told to go off as early as we could, bidding a most affectionate farewell to those who accompanied us to the beach; and they loaded us with oranges and limes."

He had gained considerable experience in the management of a ship, and the sails, &c., owing to the kindness of Captain Frederick, who had frequently permitted him to take charge of the deck at sea. Besides his own attention and natural interest in his profession, he had been well prepared for college examination in Mathematics and Navigation by excellent naval instructors. He fondly hoped to take a first class certificate in seamanship; but unhappily the examination took place only three weeks after he had joined a new ship.

Although he was congratulated on passing a very creditable provisional examination for lieutenant on May 6, and also on passing finally on June 27 at Callao, he was awarded, to his great disappointment, only a second class certificate, the qualification for a first class, it was conceived, being such as no *vivâ voce* examination could test. Of this he writes:—

"By-the-bye, I have not told you about my passing on 4th May. I passed provisionally before my own masters, very satisfactorily both to them and to myself. On arriving here, and applying for a final passing-day, I and W. got one (27th June, 1853), passed, and came out of the cabin really confident of having obtained what I so much hoped for, but, sad to relate, on being sent for, I was told I had passed a very good examination, and was, therefore, fully entitled to a second class certificate, much to my disappointment; and they said at the time a first was a very difficult thing to give. However, disappointed I was, and no mistake! But I had the one little satisfaction of having done my best,

which prevented me from being put much out by it."

Arriving at Callao, and finding home letters, he writes to a friend:—

"All well at home! thank God for all his mercies to us, for indeed they are many and great! My father had been suffering very severely, but he has recovered again; and so has also dear little W., who likewise had been unwell from fever, having been insensible for nearly two days. They say the dear little boy was so very patient in his illness. From my dearest father, down to the little brother, they are all so good! And then the question to ask myself is, Am I grateful to God? and do I do anything to prove my gratitude to be sincere? 'Little or nothing' is the only answer I can conscientiously give; and why is it? Because I do not trust enough in God to help me. I make good resolutions, and for a time keep them; but like the seed which had no root, so is it with many of my resolutions. I do not place implicit confidence in Him who is always ready and willing to help those who come to Him in spirit and in

sincerity of purpose, and to be their Guide in the hour when difficulty is at hand.

"Oh, pray for me! I need not ask you, I know you do; and I know also that the prayer of the righteous availeth much. Therefore I trust that all the prayers of my dear friends at home, with those abroad, who care for the welfare of my soul, and my own prayers, which are, I hope, sincere, may ascend together to the throne of grace, and cause me to feel that I am indeed a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

"Since I have been on board this ship I have, as you know, been alone. But I have been able to stand against all open temptations, and have much to thank God for, in that I have not been obliged to put up with any jeering or scoffing about reading the Bible. Although there are none, I fear, who care about such things themselves, still they have nearly all got the good sense not to make fun of it; and I have a cabin into which I can go at almost any time, which is truly convenient. I long for Captain P. to return to this ship, as I shall have some one

to help me then, which I want very much, and I know he will be so ready to help me."

To his eldest sister he wrote from Callao, August 10, 1853 :—

" . . . . And now a little about myself. I am happy, comfortable, and very well. Three blessings, are they not? I am still *alone.* But I think I feel more forcibly that God is with me, and that

> 'There is a Friend above all others,
> Oh! how He loves!'

But though I have no real outward companions and friends, yet I have no outward enemies, none who openly jeer at God's Word, or make fun of religion. I have not been of much use in this ship. The mess contains many wild fellows who, God forgive them, like too many of our young officers, make it their practice to swear at almost anything; an oath is, in fact, always ready at the tip of their tongue, that they may be thought men amongst their associates. I feel I have been enabled to stop a great deal of this sort of thing as long as I am actually at hand, having asked them occasionally to refrain; but I

hear it going on behind my back. I think that many years will have to roll on before that most foolish and self-abasing idea leaves the heads of midshipmen. Is it not truly pitiful to think that such numbers should (almost always from force of example of their seniors) be led to curse and to swear, as if there were no harm in doing so? and after a short time they acquire such a *habit* that they actually do not know when they do it. Often and often, when I speak to the younger little fellows we have on board, just after they have been making use of very bad language, they hardly know to what I am alluding. O that God would turn some of their hearts before they get more hardened, and restore them to His fold!"

After the chaplain rejoined the *Portland* at Pitcairn's Island, Charlie enjoyed his weekly sermons. He made notes of many of them with personal reference to himself; yet with characteristic shyness he neither introduced himself to nor made a friend of the chaplain. Writing on July 14, 1853, he says:—

"Our chaplain gives us excellent little

sermons on Sunday, and very decidedly to the point. Just the sort of ones for seamen. He does not keep back from chiding *all.* He tries, I am confident, by them to show plainly that it is not only to the men he speaks in warning about their way of living, but to the officers also, whose duty it is to show them an example. His sermon last Sunday was a peculiarly interesting one on the verse, Psalm vii., 'God is a righteous Judge, strong, and patient; and God is provoked every day.' So very applicable to us in our service, where there are so many gross sins committed against God daily, and yet He is always our protector in the time of danger. I have hardly spoken a word to the chaplain since I have been on board. Why, I am sure I cannot tell. It is very foolish, as he is such a good man, and he could be of so much use to me. I must get over this, and try and make friends with him."

Leaving Callao on 18th August, he revisited the Chincha Islands *en route* to Valparaiso, where the *Portland* arrived on the 12th September, 1853.

Nevertheless, the absence of a friend with whom to hold communion on religious matters was deeply felt. Thrown in upon himself, his self-examinations exhibit much faithful dealing with his own conscience, and little abatement of spiritual life. Energetic and earnest in his duties, cheerful and amiable in social life, and with an unflagging love of all innocent amusements, he was, as usual, a general favourite, being known to many, not so much by his religious tendencies as by his leadership in all kinds of fun.

CHAPTER IV.

Loss of Eye.—*Portland.*—Valparaiso Hospital.—*Trincomalee.* —Pacific.

1853—1855.

AN event now took place which influenced much of Charles Parry's after life, as well as the development of his character.

Of the accident, to which the opening portion of this chapter refers, he wrote as follows in "Still Waters," a small volume of daily texts, given to him by one of his sisters, and returned to her after his death. Text: "I muse on the works of Thy hands."

"*September 9th*, 1853.—*I have been led to consider it one of the greatest blessings I ever received.*"

"*October 3rd*, 1853.—I must again commence my journal. Last Friday three weeks, the 9th September, whilst skylarking with several of the others at 'Sling-the-monkey,'

on the quarter-deck of the *Portland*, I received a blow in the right eye, which I felt immediately would cause more than a common black eye, from the feeling I had of a shooting pain in the head, and so giddy was I that it turned me quite sick.

"I made the best of my way into the Commander's (Fairfax Moresby's) cabin, where I bathed it, and found, on the candle being lighted, that I could not tell light from dark even, with the left eye closed. I asked the doctor to have a look at it, and then fainted. After which, I turned into the Commander's bed place, which he most kindly volunteered for my use, as he himself always sleeps in a cot. The doctor applied leeches to my temple, and cold lotions to my eye and head, which subdued the pain in a great measure.

"All night long, one of the youngsters sat up in the cabin, in watches, to keep the lint cool and to give me some cooling drink, as I was very thirsty and feverish, not being able to get to sleep until four o'clock in the morning.

"The next day, I was shaved on the right

side of the head, the hair on the left being only cut quite close for coolness' sake. Blisters behind the ear and on the back of the head were applied to remove the inflammation from the injured eye, and by that evening very nearly all pain had gone, and in three days more all had gone entirely. Blisters and cupping and more leeches had the desired effect, so that I was able to write a few lines home on our arrival at Valparaiso, on the 12th, by the mail which left shortly afterwards.

"Every one has been exceedingly kind to me, and I have from the Admiral every delicacy I could wish for that the doctor thinks to be advisable for me. All, indeed, seem to vie in doing as much as possible that may be for my comfort—reading, running messages, &c., &c., all day.

"I wrote home again last Friday, September 30th, having received the dear welcome letters of the two July mails, 19th and 24th. All well!—quite well! Oh! what a true blessing to have such good news! God grant me a more grateful heart to love Him more for all His mercies!"

Writing and reading having been prohibited for a little time, there is another break in the journal. On the 8th of October, a month after the accident, he was removed to Valparaiso Hospital, where he remained three months. On the 27th October, 1853, he resumes:—

". . . . . O God! make me thankful for the use of the remaining eye, and make the time at this place a help to me in making me more steadfast in those things which I profess. It does, indeed, seem pointedly allowed me for a time of self-examination, and of gaining strength in moral courage. Now that I am, to a great degree, set apart from so many of the temptations which are to be met with in active life, I hope to gain such strength, by the grace of God, by continual prayer, that I may be ready more decidedly to take my stand as a Christian soldier when again called upon to enter on the duties of my profession. I hope, indeed, that God may grant that this time may be looked back upon by me, as long as I live, as a season to be remembered, and a just cause of thankfulness!"

To his father:—

"I have got leave just to write a few lines to you, to show you that, though in bed from my eye, I am still able to see with the other. As the Admiral is going to write to you, and will give all particulars, I need not say anything about it myself. I suffer no pain at all from it now, and, thanks to the doctor's prompt though rather severe measures, I have already regained the partial sight, which for the first two days was gone completely.

"I have met with great kindness from all on board, from the Admiral right down. The Commander has been so very kind as to give me his cabin, in which I have been ever since my accident, giving me every little comfort I could possibly desire."

In a letter to his father, dated 1st November, he gives a long, cheery, detailed account of his life at the hospital, describing, in an amusing strain, his room, with its furniture, his daily employments and recreations, showing that the loss of his eye and the severe remedies in use had not affected his cheerful spirit. He then proceeds:—

"At last I think my tale is ended, with the exception of the report of the eye's progress, which, though last, I suppose you think with me is not least. Since I came up here it is decidedly better. For the last ten days I have been able to distinguish persons with it, though not clearly. I cannot make out any letters, however large they may be, such as, for instance, the heading of the 'Illustrated London News.' The doctor has not given up yet, although he is not quite so sanguine as he was at first. Still, I do hope you will neither yourself, my father, feel, nor allow any one at home to feel, any uneasiness on its account, because it has been done so plainly by God for my good, and, I trust, eternal happiness.

"Here I am at the hospital in a great measure away from the world and its temptations, with a room to myself, and, though not allowed the full benefit of reading, still my thoughts are not interfered with by ill-health. My head is clear, so I have a fair opportunity of using it to the utmost, which I trust may be turned to the best use by His

assistance Who has so richly surrounded me with blessings. I hope this may be an era in my life, a time to strengthen my resolution of living as a child of God. I firmly believe He has commenced a good work in my heart, and in a measure, though I fear but faintly, brought me to a knowledge of my sin, and a desire for repentance. I cannot express my feelings, for I do not properly understand them myself,—one moment thinking one thing, and the next perhaps exactly the reverse.

"I pray that if it has pleased God to put me on the right path, He may grant that my prayers for strength may always be sincere, to resist the devil's temptations to turn aside."

To Lady Parry:—

"November 14.

"I am, thank God, perfectly well in health, and the doctor has come to the conclusion that no improvement can be expected in my eye. On looking at a person with one alone, I can make out his face after a quarter of a minute, but as if I were looking through

bad glass. It is hardly discernible to a person not knowing I have a defect in the vision. There is, however, a decided difference between the two. The pupil of the injured eye is much larger than it ought to be, and is suspended, as it were, to the upper part of the iris. This is caused by a watery fluid that the doctor cannot remove; but he thinks that, if he could, the eye would obtain its natural appearance, and I should have a better sight with it, but the sight only of an eye without a lens, which, being broken, cannot ever be of future service to me.

"If any future cause should injure the sight of the left eye, Dr. A. feels confident an operation on this one would remove this fluid. In their present state, he thinks no oculist would dare to try it, for fear of injuring the perfect eye.

"He still, however, continues his course of blistering and medicine, as there is still a possibility of good arising from it, although the probability is very small.

"For my own part, I am thankful the one has been spared me, and I hope I may say

the time up here has been worth the loss, by the grace of God, who saw fit to bring this to pass.

"I must now accustom myself to the use of the left eye for spying purposes, &c., which will come naturally enough all in good time. I am told that the remaining eye will be much stronger than it was before from the loss of the other. . . . .

"Why am I so blessed? I often ask myself. What numberless trials I am spared that I see constantly afflicting those around me! But still my ungrateful heart is cold to all God's mercies. I do not love Him as my God and Father, my best friend, and my protector. My prayers are so short, and cold, and formal, I cannot feel that He likes to hear a sinner unburden his heart to Him. . . . .

"I think since God has given me in this hospital a stronger desire to serve Him as a Christian soldier, to watch narrowly every action, every word, every thought, that I may not willingly offend Him—that the Holy Spirit has indeed been helping me. And oh! when I leave this place, may I have a steady

determination not to forsake my duty to my God, through fear of man or love of the world!"

From the journal, which is full of interesting detail of his daily life at the hospital, we extract the following:—

"*New-Year's Day*, 1854.—A new year commenced, and one gone for ever.

"How has it been spent? What improvement has taken place in my spiritual growth? Has my love for Christ grown stronger and more warm? Have I tried to do as the Bible tells me? Have I read it with earnest prayer to understand its contents, or merely occasionally read passages for *form*, outward show, trying to deceive Him who knoweth all my inmost thoughts by deceiving myself, and endeavouring to stifle the counsels of my inward monitor?

"I pray to my heavenly Father that, though I cannot manage to put the answers on paper, yet that He will enable me to answer them conscientiously in my heart.

"May all my dearest relations and friends have a happy and prosperous new year! May

it be richly blessed to them!—this is my most earnest prayer.

"Mr. Hill preached a beautiful sermon this morning on this new year. His text was Job vii. 6:—'My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope.' I think it is such a beautiful comparison, that of our life here to a weaver's shuttle, and our days to the web that is woven; for truly as the weaver spins, so is his work, good or bad. O may my web be so wove, that when my heavenly Father cuts the thread, the material may be found acceptable in his sight, through Jesus Christ!"

On the arrival of the *Trincomalee* at Valparaiso, on the 3rd January, 1854, the Commander-in-Chief offered him, in the kindest manner, an acting commission as lieutenant of that ship. Gratifying as was this promotion, it was not without giving rise to conflicting feelings. Amongst others was the loss of the opportunity of returning home in the *Portland*, then about to sail for England. But as Dr. Ancram said there was no immediate necessity for consulting the oculists at

home, he thought it his duty to accept the offer under the advice of the Admiral. Captain Henry Chads certifies on his quitting his command that "Mr. Parry's conduct has given me entire satisfaction, and I consider him a promising officer." Writing on the 3rd January, in anticipation of his promotion two days later, he says:—

"I feel confident God will still be with me, and order all things for the best, as He does ever. In Him is my trust now, and I feel I may safely leave it in His hands, who has hitherto so richly blessed me and guided my movements.

"It is in these little difficulties that prayer to God is so refreshing and requisite, and I would I had more of the spirit of prayer in me; but He receives the most humble petitions if they be offered up in Christ's name, and if I pray sincerely, I may be sure of His acceptance of mine.

"If I do go, I trust I may bless God by using the cabin He gives me with profit, and ever remember that it is my first duty to please God in all things, and do nothing contrary

to His will, for the sake of pleasing men, not trusting in my own weak and profitless strength, but leaning for succour on my Saviour's bosom."

The privacy which the little cabin of a lieutenant affords is much coveted, and removes most of the religious difficulties which beset the life of young officers on shipboard. The promotion to ward-room rank marks, therefore, a new but more responsible stage of Christian life.

"Callao Harbour, February 4, 1854.

"About one o'clock, when watches do not interfere, D. and I read together, and at seven every evening seven of us meet in Mr. C.'s cabin, including a quarter-master and a gunner's mate. God will, if He please, increase our number, and we can trust our friends to make this a petition in their prayers. How much do we need divine assistance, that by no inconsistencies we may retard the service of God, which we profess to desire to advance! Much may be done in our ship by example only; for many are the remarks one

hears to prove this, and sailors are far more sensitive than people think, only it is shown under a rough exterior, which requires long acquaintance to be seen through.

"D. has good reason for believing that there are many in this ship only kept back by fear of ridicule. He knows the Bible is very much read by several, and this is a great deal; this is done very much for the sake of learning to read and practising, as the words are nearly all easy to be understood, and it may turn out to the benefit of those who only have this reason. God grant that it may!

"Before turning in, we read again together, and have a little prayer. W. sometimes joins us; but he is naturally a very bashful little fellow, and though apparently at home with me, I cannot help noticing that as soon as I go into D.'s cabin, where he sits nearly all day, he goes out, partly, however, I dare say, by thinking we want to be alone. I am trying to prevent this, as when D. goes, I should so like him to have confidence in me as a friend and take to my cabin. This, I fear, will be a difficult thing to manage; for though he knew

me before I joined this ship, since that he does not like to say what he wishes, thinking that it is not proper, from an unfortunate feeling in our service very often between gun-room officers and those in the berth, that, off duty, they are still on duty, if you can understand this."

"April 10.

". . . . . Though rather small in comparison with others, my cabin is by no means the least comfortable. Somehow or other, it is never dark there in the day-time, so I am always able to read and write. This is a very odd thing; for if the opposite cabin, which has the scuttle similarly placed, ought to be receiving the light, it does not; but the good sun favours me by looking round corners and shedding plenty of light into mine, and every one tells me it is because he knows I want him! What a comfort a cabin is! To have a private place for retirement and prayer is a great blessing, and is most assuredly a talent given to us, to make good or bad use of.

"D. has always read with the boys on

Sundays for about an hour, and now that he is going to leave, I wish to continue doing the same, though perfectly unable to teach them as he has done. Yet it will, at any rate, keep up the practice of reading the Bible, which may be of some good; and how often do we see that some good takes place even from the weakest endeavour and when least expected! for, truly, with God nothing is impossible.

"The mere fact of my taking the boys will, I trust, be blessed to me, in making me keep a stricter guard on myself, for the sake of my example; for I feel that I do not do it as a pleasure or to please God, but as a duty only, and I hope that being laid open more to the remarks and jests of my companions, will bring me to feel God more as a friend, and try to love Him more sincerely. May I be led to serve Him with singleness of heart, as in His sight alone, and not as before the eyes of the world!

"I trust that my stay out at this station, instead of returning to you all as I so much wished, will be of more good to me than I foresaw at first, and that I may in it, as I

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have so often done before, see that He ordereth all things for the best, and that if I only rely on Him, I shall not be disappointed.

"We have a fine squadron here—two large French frigates, two English, three Peruvian, and one Chilian corvette. Every one begins to think now that it will only be a paper war after all. However, next mail must give us some news about it, as the answer to Louis Napoleon's letter will, I should suppose, be the decision."

"*Wednesday, 12th.*—Last night we all met in Mr. C.'s cabin, and had our final little meeting with D. We read Philip. iii., and though our time was cut very short, I trust we made a profitable use of the hour we had.

"D. and I, before going to bed, had a little prayer together, not only for ourselves, but for our other friends on board this ship.'

The *Trincomalee*, though a frigate manned by two hundred and fifty men, was, like the *Amphitrite*, without a chaplain. But, in accordance with the first article of war, divine service was regularly performed by the Captain

once every Sunday, all on board being obliged to attend. The more devoutly disposed officers and seamen were, as we have seen, much indebted to a warrant officer, an old experienced Christian, for guidance, example, and exhortation, during their five years' absence from England. The ship's boys had been instructed every Sunday afternoon by one of the officers, and this duty now devolved on Charles. Writing of this to his eldest sister from Callao, in April, 1854, he says :—

"D.'s leaving throws the boys, whom he has always read with on Sundays, upon me; and you can have little idea, dearest L., of the dread I have of it! Although I have wished for some time to have such an opportunity, now the time is really come, I feel so very unable to do anything for them, that I fear the results will be very unsatisfactory, and that neither I nor they will gain any advantage from it! But it may please God to cause it to be different, and if it should be so it will be of great use to me; for it will make me, I hope, try to do my best. It is already, I fear, down in the Great Book against me,

that with all the innumerable blessings and mercies I have received at God's hands, I have never done anything at all to forward His service, or to help others to the knowledge of their Saviour."

Of this first attempt to conduct a Bible-class, he writes :—

"*Sunday, April 23rd,* 1854.—I commenced with the boys this afternoon, but not without asking God's blessing on my endeavours. I got permission from the first lieutenant to have a screen put up, that the attention of the boys might not be so much taken away by what was going on about the deck. I fear that I am not at all adapted for teaching the boys; but God can make use of the feeblest efforts, and I must try my best to do what I can, with His help. I found it much more difficult than I expected even, as the very great inattention shown by them, and their readiness and pleasure in taking notice of everything they could see, except their Bibles, is sadly disheartening. The screen is a great thing, as they cannot see much about the deck, and I do hope I may practise patience

successfully, and not be led to be hasty with them."

The *Trincomalee* reached Port Clarence, Behring Straits, on the 25th June, where we find him joining in a ten days' picnic to the Lake Cuvierook, and in the few recreations to be had in the Arctic regions. He was concerned to find that a former messmate, now belonging to another ship, had gone back from his Christian profession, and in another case he was made useful in arousing religious thoughts in one of his brother officers. He himself, at this time, appears to have been taxed with inconsistency by a faithful friend in attending, as was his custom, theatricals got up for the amusement of the crews of the ships at Port Clarence. He found that his attendance had given offence to some earnest men on board, and he therefore withdrew from this amusement.

Leaving Behring Straits on the 21st August, they touched at San Francisco, where news was received of the outbreak of the Russian war, and Charlie saw, for a few days, his friends in the *Amphitrite*, to whom he gave a

passing word of exhortation. From thence the *Trincomalee* proceeded to Honolulu, from whence he wrote to his eldest sister, October 24, 1854:—

"On our arrival here, we found two mails from England waiting for us, of March 15th and 31st, by which I heard of your marriage having taken place. I need not tell you you have your brother's constant prayers for your welfare, both spiritual and temporal. How richly God has blessed us all—has He not? How these constant blessings ought to warm our hearts towards Him! I may be mistaken, but I fancy that it is in a ship where a person, desirous of being a Christian, if alone, may feel more solitary than in any other position in this world. It requires the closest communion with God to prevent him feeling alone altogether. Therefore when God gives him, not only one or two, but several, companions with whom he can talk about things not of this world, it must be felt to be a particular blessing. Yet, you may hardly believe that this is often dangerous ground to me! I was alone on board the *Portland*, and generally at

the hospital, at Valparaiso. The question often troubles me—Do I make as much use of the Bible and of prayer now as I was obliged to do then? Is there not danger of trusting too much to my friends? 'Search the Scriptures,' I am led to mistake for 'Read the Scriptures.' When I have searched for some particular thing, and found it clearly, what pleasure it has given me, and I do try now to search for everything I want.

"This place is full of opportunities for intercourse with Christian people ashore."

Deprived for lengthened intervals of the privilege, often so lightly valued by landsmen, of worshipping in the House of God, and of receiving the Holy Communion, devout sailors often share the feeling of the Psalmist, in the 84th Psalm—"Their soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

Though neither the Church of England nor the Episcopal Church of America had at this time occupied the Sandwich Islands, the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of the United States were doing a good work in providing

both for the wants of the English and for the conversion of the natives. It was therefore in connection with the American Nonconformists that Charles found his best friends at Honolulu.

It was four months before the *Trincomalee* left Honolulu for his favourite port of Valparaiso. Meanwhile we find in the journal indications that self-discipline had not been relaxed, though he entered into general society on shore, with its amusements, more freely than he found personally advantageous. He writes :—

"*December 27th*, 1854.—God, I believe, has been working by the Holy Spirit in my heart this evening, for I have felt a consciousness of deception in my character, which is so unstable and double-minded, that must be from Him, Who is so wonderfully merciful to me, that, obstinate as I am in refusing to accept Christ as my Friend, He will not allow me to have my own way. Thanks be to Him, for His long-suffering kindness, He has just caused me to desire to put some resolutions down, and the feeling in my heart is such

at this moment, that He will bless these resolutions."

On the first Sunday of 1855, we find him with some of his companions receiving the Holy Communion at the American Seaman's Bethel at Honolulu. He writes:—

"Before receiving the Sacrament Mr. D.'s lecture was very much to the mark, instructive and impressive. It was of our Lord's Last Supper with His disciples, when He told them that they might 'ask anything in His Name,' and He would grant it to them. Peter's self-confidence he gave as a warning to all who, from over zeal perhaps, are inclined to forget that, of themselves alone, they can do nothing. Much prayer is indeed requisite for me to hold fast to the profession that I make of being a disciple of Jesus Christ."

The evening meetings for prayer in Mr. C.'s cabin were continued regularly. Three of the ship's boys had joined this meeting soon after leaving Port Clarence, but the two young officers were for a time unsteady in their attendance, much to Charlie's concern. Writing on the 8th January, 1855, he says:—

"I had a very pleasant hour with Mr. C. this evening, the most so I have had for a long time; I was really warmed by it. Our passage was the latter part of Mark ix. The disciples' argument as to 'who should be greatest,' was the part that came home to me most, for with me it is a hard matter often to give in to others; and is not this wanting to be 'greater' than they? It is so in spirit, if not in a literal sense. . . . .

"When I ask myself, 'Do I love my Saviour?' it is a difficult thing to find one point in my conduct that I can bring forward as a proof that I do at all. I do not know one. I have a desire to love Him, and that, I fear, is all. . . . .

"*Saturday, February 3rd,* 1855.—How liable am I to read the Bible in form! From constantly reading the crucifixion of our Saviour, I feel I am liable to think too little of all that the crucifixion did for me, and how great was the love that purchased my salvation at such a precious price. How can I resist accepting such love?"

His Bible class with the ship's boys had

fallen into abeyance whilst at Honolulu, but was resumed on the second Sunday after sailing for Valparaiso. Of this he writes :—

"*Monday, February 19th.*—In reading with the boys yesterday, I was speaking to them about their souls, and asking them whether they ever when away from me thought of their future state. One by one they gradually came out with excuses and reasons why 'sailors should not be religious.' I tried to answer them from the Bible, feeling my own inability to teach them anything myself, and with God's assistance I was enabled to do so, but not enough to convince them of their error, at least not to own to being convinced. It was a suitable portion of Scripture we read for it, being Deuteronomy iv. and v., containing the commandments, and also the promises of God's mercy in returning to the children of Israel, even after they had disobeyed Him and turned away from Him.

"An apparently favourite excuse was that, after three months or so on board a ship during a sea-voyage, when they were kept so much from different things, on going on

shore again on leave, they were 'forced' to give way to the temptations of which they had so many. One said, 'How can we enjoy ourselves with our friends when we meet, unless we have a flare up?' This, of course, I easily refuted by the many proofs of the fearful price that has to be paid for the temporary pleasures of sin.

"I tried to impress upon them also the power of prayer; and that prayer could be made use of without any of their companions or shipmates knowing of it, so that they would not have the trial of being laughed at by them. I also tried to make them see the force of God's words through Christ, that He would be ashamed of all in the last day who were ashamed of Him in this life. May God enable me to stick to the Word of Life for proof against all these excuses brought up to defend sin and neglect of God!"

There was nothing of the character of a recluse, at any time, in his own religious life. Hence we find him joining in all the gaieties of Honolulu until difficulties arose in withdrawing from questionable amusements with-

out wounding the feelings of others, or of continuing them without injury to his own inner life and offence to devout friends. Amongst his self-accusations we find that on shipboard he had joined too freely in the light conversations, the arguments and disputes of a ward-room mess, and had in consequence been deemed inconsistent by those who, making no profession of devout living themselves, yet expect a high standard of piety to be maintained by those who do so. "Home," he writes on 23rd February, 1855, "is constantly in my thoughts, too, now. I long to see it once more; but it is not good for me to expect to do so for some time yet, as it leads me to feel discontented and unhappy."

Arriving at Valparaiso on the 27th March, the following letter was forwarded to Lady Parry :—

"At sea, February 16, 1855.

"To sail on Sunday has numerous disadvantages. There is the necessary cleaning after the ship is well clear of the harbour, and

the sundries that must be done on going to sea. The very change unsettles people if they have been in port some time. The pilot and harbour-master are disturbed on the day which the missionaries endeavour to make the residents respect as a day of rest for the sake of example to the natives, as well as for their own welfare. We, 'who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters,' and have such constant opportunities of seeing the power and love of God to us, ought to be the last to rebel against such a mighty Protector. 'The service day' for the Captain to dine in the gun-room is generally Sunday, by what are called 'the good old rules.' I have found out that neither our cook nor our steward has attended divine service on Sundays *once* since the day this ship left England. Two years and six months have passed, and these two men have found an excuse, for the sake of what we call a 'heavy dinner,' to keep from attending divine service. I have several times thought, 'Ought I to sit down to a dinner on Sunday, when I know the light, and sometimes worse than light

conversation that is sure to take place for, at least, two and a half hours?' I have, however, come to the conclusion (though I must own, not exactly satisfactory to my little friend inside) that it is a duty belonging to the service, and therefore necessary. I hope I may be right. I should very much like to hear my father's opinion. If the Captain is at table, his superior age and rank of course make the difference to my being able to put in a word to change the conversation when foolish. On the very day of all others when it would be most useful I am, therefore, 'mum,' and afraid to speak out. However, I look forward with certainty to a wonderful change taking place in these things in the navy. It is most difficult to make the boys respect the day, because they see around them such bad example. They have several times said, 'But, sir, have we not more to do on Sundays?' Knowing it is true, what can I say? for it would not do to condemn their and my superiors, as they might refuse perhaps to obey when they are told to do so. But the Bible is clear enough, and by God's help I trust I am

able to point out to them those passages which speak for themselves.

"I like a voyage of some weeks, as it allows me to get into regular habits, and there is the pleasure of looking forward to plenty of home letters when it is over. Valparaiso has many pleasant recollections, more especially the three months' stay in the hospital, which I never can or wish to forget. From the kindness of the different friends I had there, I naturally look upon the place as my home on the station.

"What our destination will be we cannot imagine, but I think Petropaulovski, in which case we shall start directly, and before long try our guns in real earnest; we have boasted so much of them in practice, and we shall see if we have overrated their powers.

"The English papers evidently think us something superior to the common run of ships, and it is astonishing what a good effect this opinion has had on our men; for Jack, though an honest fellow, likes flattery quite as much as many of his shore-going brothers, and maybe a *leetle* bit more."

"Valparaiso.

". . . . I have received the large box with its valuable contents, and it was with the greatest pleasure that I unpacked it. Everything is so like you all—so like *my home.* Does not every line in every letter glow with love to me? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits,' is what I desire constantly to have uppermost in my heart. . . . .

"In reading your account of my dearest father, I can but feel there is the greatest need for trust in Him who has been constantly such a merciful protector to us all. I cannot bring myself to feel that there is real danger; but I do feel that—

> 'There are thorns besetting every path,
> Which call for anxious care;
> There is a cross on every lot,
> And an earnest need for prayer;'

and I would now try to feel that this cross is my dearest father's health, come from Him who loves us, and Who will never forsake those who trust in Him. . . . .

"My eye is now at what I may call a stand-

still, both in look and in sight. Dr. A.'s opinion is that a cataract is forming. Mr. C. takes half the boys himself, and spurs me on, which I need very much, being often inclined to give up reading with them, finding so little good result. However, as I do find it good to me, I am led to continue, trusting to the blessed promise, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days.' Pray for more energy to be granted to me, that I may be more diligent in the little work it has pleased God to give me to do in this ship. I find the questions the boys ask me sometimes very difficult through their very simplicity. I am led to search the Scriptures more diligently myself; for I like always to give them the Bible answers to what they ask, that they may read for themselves.

"God has blessed me lately with more strength of purpose in honestly speaking to those about me when I see them do wrong, or hear them say what is improper, and I may think it has not been thrown away. If I could but *love* God more, I know I

should *live* for Him more, and that is my desire."

In the last letter read by his father, he wrote :—

"April, 1855.

"We are taking the latest despatches to the Admiral at Callao, and then going on with the squadron to Petropaulovski.

"You well know, my dearest father, how little the sailor, whether officer or foremast-man, thinks of such a thing as eternity, and how lightly many speak of death. With the boys, I find the greatest difficulty; for I know that unless I speak in a cheerful manner, they would fancy I was telling them about something that would make them dull and mopish, and so set their faces against it altogether. On the other hand, I fear I fail to make them see the dreadful price of eternal woe that they pay who refuse to accept Christ's free offer of eternal salvation in this world.

"Your letters, my father, with the many others from home, are of the greatest comfort to me, and make me feel less tedious this the fifth year of my absence from home.

"By the arrival of the *Monarch*, on the 8th, I duly received the 'long box,' and through it my cabin has received the name of *box-cabin*, it is so full of boxes! How everything has reached me at the right time! The Bibles and Prayer-Books are welcome just at this time particularly, having had a pretty large draught of boys from the *Monarch*, who are all, without one exception, unprovided with either. And those little books of yours—'The Southampton Address;' it has already, in only twenty days, been read by treble that number of persons, who, like myself, were astonished at the contents, and wondered at our ignorance at what has been done for the sailor's good. . . . .

"I had the great blessing and privilege of being permitted to be a partaker of the Sacrament on both Sundays we were at Valparaiso, the last being Easter Sunday. I consider it a double blessing to have had these opportunities of renewing my vows to God, and confessing my sins thus solemnly before Him, praying for strength to be given in my times of need, as we may consider ourselves to be

bound on work which will cost some of us our lives, and it is God alone who can tell who those may be."

The voyage to Petropaulovski was full of expectations for the crew of the *Trincomalee*, who hoped to share in hostile proceedings which might redeem the British defeat at that place the preceding year; but their actual employment was of a very peaceful yet interesting nature. They visited it under a flag of truce, spending the last week of June in an interchange of hospitalities with the Russians, whilst effecting an exchange of prisoners. They then joined the allied squadrons, whose rendezvous was off Sitka, reaching Vancouver, much in need of anti-scorbutics for the crew, on the 18th August, 1855.

During this cruise he derived special advantage from Mr. C.'s evening meeting, which after their arrival at Vancouver "was honoured by the presence of a clergyman" on one occasion, being the first time after an uninterrupted daily continuance of more than three years. He read also with one of his messmates from noon to one P.M. during this

voyage; and was much gratified at being asked by two petty officers for Bibles, which he was also able to give. A course of lectures given by the Captain and officers to while away the tedium, which was affecting the health of the crew, and to supply matter for conversation at sea, interested him much. Though regretting his distance from the seat of war, longing for home, and exceedingly anxious about his father's health, we find him thus writing of his profession :—

"*May 5th*, 1855.—This day eight years I joined the service. I would not wish to leave it had I £10,000 a-year. It is a noble profession. It is also a sphere in which a person may make himself very useful. This makes me like it doubly; and I live in hopes of being made the blessed instrument in God's hand of doing something towards spreading the knowledge of Christ among my fellow-sailors."

While cruizing off Sitka it fell to his lot, for the third time, to have to break to a brother officer the news (in this case happily untrue, as it afterwards appeared) of a father's death.

The time was now at hand when he himself would stand in need of all the comfort which could be supplied, in what he terms "one of the severest trials which can befall human nature."

CHAPTER V.

Father's Death.—*Trincomalee.*—Pacific.—Return Home.

1855—1856.

TRAVERSING the whole breadth of the Pacific so frequently had proved unusually unfavourable to the reception of home letters. These, dispatched regularly every fortnight, had followed the ship from place to place, and were not delivered for a period of sixteen months. When, at length, ten successive mails were received together at San Francisco, on October 12, 1855, the latest letters were found to have been written a year before. Meanwhile his father had died in July, 1855, and the news, for which he was not altogether unprepared, reached him at Vancouver's Island from a friend in the *Amphitrite*. He writes in his journal:—

"*Friday, September 21st*, 1855.—My dearest earthly father is no more! For a long time I

have had an irresistible feeling that I never was to see his face again! It is this which has given me such a desire to go home, such a yearning after home.

"His own dear letters about his sickness and his suffering, asking me to pray for him; his confidence in the love of God, working out everything for the best, all made me feel a kind of dread of this sad affliction being in store for me, and for all of us, before long!

"Our family has been such a proof of God's care, I feel that I have taken things too easily in this world, forgetting the frailty of all human affairs, and I have not remembered to praise Him continually Who hath been the giver of all these good things.

"When such a parent as mine is taken, how great is the pang to those left behind! But yet, again, there is a cause for joy. His happiness has become eternal in the presence of God. He has gained the crown to which he pressed forward. Can I wish him to have suffered longer here? May I be enabled to follow in his footsteps! May I make some use even of his death! In all this I earnestly

pray to Thee, my heavenly Father, for help, and to accept my humble, but sincere dedication to Thee of all I have and all I am. And, O Lord, take care of those dear ones now left fatherless in this world! . . . .

"*Evening.*—I had a pleasant little conversation with Mr. C., who came to sympathize with me. He prayed with me, and I felt quite calmed. We met together in his cabin at seven o'clock. We read Psalm ciii., and though it was as much as I could do to read it and the hymns, yet I felt inward comfort."

To Lady Parry :—

"H.M.S. *Trincomalee*,
"The Parsonage, Vancouver's Island
"September 25, 1855.

"Though letters from England have not been able to reach me in this distant corner of the world, one from F., of the *Amphitrite*, from San Francisco, brought me the sad intelligence of my beloved father's call to the home above. I am thankful to say that He who has brought this affliction upon us has also, in His merciful lovingkindness, proved to me how tenderly He watches over those whom

He afflicts. He enables me to find true comfort and consolation in prayer, and in the thought that my loss here below is not to be compared to his gain, who having 'fought a good fight, having finished his course, having kept the faith,' now wears the crown of righteousness laid up for him above.

"All around me were so very kind on hearing of my loss. Several from whom I had no reason to expect anything were the most anxious to do little services for me, so that I was by their kindness relieved from all duty, and able to keep to myself, which was a welcome boon indeed. God also raised up for me kind friends on shore, who have invited me to their house, and have asked me to remain as long as I can with them. . . .

"You must indeed need all your powers with so much work as such a change of necessity brings, change of residence, &c. I would I were with you to give you a son's helping hand; but that is not God's will, and I know that you are not in want of ready helpers!"

"*San Francisco, October 12th.*—After the lapse of fifteen or sixteen months, we have at

last found our letters waiting for us. I got ten consecutive home letters. They were the means of various emotions to me; for the handwriting of the fondly-loved father made me remember how these had been the only links between us since the day I bade him farewell on the *Amphitrite's* deck, at Spithead, four years and eight months ago! The final farewell! But I cannot write more; for my heart is too full; but my trust is in God. I know He will help me!"

To a friend in the Baltic Fleet, who had communicated the sad intelligence, he wrote from San Francisco, October 13, 1855:—

"How the news cut to my very soul! I felt as if the world was a blank without him. But God would not allow me to be carried away by my ingratitude, but taught me to be resigned to His will. He brought me on my knees, and gave me comfort in my trouble. He showed me the happiness that He had given my father in exchange for the troubles of this world. He pointed out to me the blessings I had still left to make me happy and to make me grateful to Him. He raised

up friends for me on shore, who asked me to their house, and with whom I remained five days, clear of the ship, in the quietude of a Christian home. There I could and did think of all that had taken place, and particularly of the anxiety and care that my dear mother must have suffered under the sickness of him who now is 'where there is no more sickness or death.'

"If there is one tie above others that, when broken, causes a change in our lives, it is certainly that of a father as head of the family. It is now, I feel, my duty to take off every care I possibly can from my mother's shoulders. I know I cannot do much; but my all is hers."

More than fourteen years afterwards, Dean Cridge, whose hospitality and Christian sympathy are referred to in the preceding letters, wrote from Vancouver's Island, on hearing of Charlie's own death:—

"Both my dear wife and myself retain many pleasing recollections of Mr. Parry. His unaffected piety and Christian gentleness of demeanour won the affectionate regard of

all who knew him, and his image and character live in our memories almost unimpaired by the lapse of time.

"He had evident pleasure in joining the little cottage prayer-meetings which, at that time, I held weekly at different houses in my parish. We remember the simplicity and earnestness with which, on such occasions, in his own prayer, he addressed his heavenly Father, as one reconciled and brought nigh through the Son of His love.

"We remember how, without any sacrifice of true Christian cheerfulness, he abstained from worldly amusements; and instances came to our knowledge in which he affectionately spoke of their frivolity to others. In his walks he sought out and instructed those whose distance from church often kept them from Divine Service; and he not unfrequently brought others to the prayer-meetings. It was plain to all who knew him that, without detriment to the duties of his profession, the foremost subject of his thoughts was to advance the kingdom of Christ among men.

"We had the privilege of having him as a

guest for a few days after he heard of the death of his father; his grief was deep and touching, but evidently controlled by a confident hope concerning an honoured parent whom he tenderly loved. During this short period he more than once spoke of his happy home, and of the affection and respect which every member of the family entertained towards one who to some of them was only a step-mother.

"We still retain and cherish a token of his regard forwarded from Honolulu, although we needed not that to preserve the memory of one who, for the brief period of our acquaintance with him, left, we can truly say, an impression on our minds which we have experienced in the case of no other."

He was most anxious to return home from San Francisco, and the Commander-in-chief (Admiral Sir Henry Bruce, K.C.B.) had granted permission for his going to England overland; but, acting under the advice of his Captain, who feared an injury to his professional prospects in doing so, he sailed in the *Trincomalee* on the 16th October, 1855, for

Honolulu. On the passage his twenty-second birthday occurred, on which we find the following reflections :—

"I like my birthday to fall on a Sunday, it seems so doubly welcome a day. Though a severe headache prevented me enjoying the full repose and quiet yesterday, the comfort of retirement was by God's mercy blessed to me, and I believe that my prayers were accepted, though my faith is dreadfully weak. I say I believe, because I was able to obtain *joy* in prayer, and this I take to be a sign that I was in earnest, and if so, the acceptance of a certainty follows."

Writing to Lady Parry from Honolulu, November 2nd, 1855, he says :—

"I have had great reason to be thankful to God of late for the way in which He has been pleased to bid me 'take courage' with regard to the boys on Sundays. More than one takes an apparent interest in what we read; so much so that the most troublesome, unable to make others inattentive, and finding their laughter not appreciated by their companions, are inclined to be less tiresome. I trust they

may continue so, until it may please God to give them perhaps another and better reason for being attentive.

"I feel also that God has opened more freely my hitherto closed mouth when a word would be useful to change sinful conversation. I find it easier now to say a word of disapprobation; and I am confident that it must be more efficacious than merely showing it by leaving their company when they forget themselves so far. God can, I know, cause something to spring from 'a word in due season,' and He will, also, if it be done consistently. I leave it to Him, therefore, to direct my mouth and conversation, that I may not, by slipping unadvisedly myself, give cause to others to plead my own actions and sayings as an excuse.

"Next Sunday I hope to receive the Sacrament. It brings to my mind the first time I approached the Lord's Table, led thither by my dearest father and yourself, when, as an unbroken family, we together met for the same purpose. God has since that day brought many things to pass amongst us, and the

retrospective glance of nearly five years is one to make us feel that we are not our own, that things are ordered for us by a Wiser Hand than man's."

At Honolulu he took great interest in the effort then being made to provide a Sailors' Home there, contributing to a fancy bazaar for this object the collection of Esquimaux and Indian curiosities he had made during the past five years as souvenirs for friends at home. He had procured also, for the guidance of the committee, a copy of the rules of the London and Portsmouth Homes; and he supported a religious periodical, edited by his friends there, for seafaring people in the North Pacific. A mission station to the natives was also frequently visited. The very full account of his first Sunday on shore, from which the following is taken, shows how cordially he entered into social intercourse with devout people, and enjoyed every opportunity of public worship.

"*Monday, November 5th*, 1855.—Yesterday I spent a delightful Sunday, a real day of rest and refreshment to the mind and body, one

by which I feel incited to fresh energy in aiming at becoming more worthy of the name of a follower of Christ.

"A new chapel for the use of the Wesleyans was dedicated yesterday afternoon, so I asked express permission to be present, being only too glad of such a good reason for escaping the 'big dinner.' I went on shore directly after our Service on board, and was in good time for theirs at the Bethel, P. and Mr. C. going as well."

The continued failure of letters from home, and his anxiety about his family, had doubtless contributed to a low state of health. He had been unwell for some weeks before leaving Honolulu on the 5th December, 1855; and on the passage to Acapulco he determined, with the Captain's permission, to return home by Panama. In the meantime the following letter was written to a friend:—

"H.M.S. *Trincomalee*, at sea,
"December, 1855.

"Rolling along as we are to San Francisco, I can liken the motion of our ship to the disturbed state of my own mind and body. As

we are unable to lessen the one, the sea being ruled by no human hand, in the same manner have all my endeavours to quiet the other failed. . . . . Could you but see me, I can fancy your saying, 'Why, Charlie, you're not miserable; why do you say you are so?' To outward appearance I am not, but the eye of man cannot see the inner thoughts. I long for that blessed day when I can find continual happiness in the thought of Christ's love to me; when I can cast off every care directly it comes, and feel in my heart that He is ever with me, a very present help at every time. As I sit in my cabin my eye continually falls on the likenesses of those two dear ones for whom of all others I had the deepest love. One of these God has taken to himself—my father's face will never again look on me with that dearly-remembered smile; I shall never again hear that kind voice. But my love to him would not recall him from the presence of his Saviour, where he rests with that dear mother of mine who preceded him. . . . .

"With the Sunday Bible class my object is to show the love of God to man, and to

make Him appear in the light of a kind, wise Parent.

"Of all God's attributes the Father seems to come most home to their ideas, and I think I cannot do wrong, therefore, in almost solely sticking to that. Their constant answer is that God, in the rules of the Bible, is too particular. Too particular in wishing to make us happy! I cannot get them to believe that it is not the result of the religion of Christ to be miserable. They will not believe there can be any pleasure in doing those things only that God approves of; and I am too weak to be of use in impressing this on their wild ideas of pleasure and happiness. But there is one way in which I can attract even the wildest and most inattentive—by the direct question, Do you dare to tempt God by laughing at His threat to you, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die?' . . . . What is most beneficial to me is speaking to them of Christ, as the only way whereby they can be saved from the torments of hell. Once, oh! how my heart glowed when dwelling on this! I felt I was indeed forcibly led on by a power greater than human. That

day two or three men came aft outside the screen, and appeared to be listening, for one of the boys noticed them, and asked if he should send them away, to which I, of course, said, 'No.' But, hearing that they were observed, they went away of their own accord, and I have never been able to find out who they were. Perhaps curiosity may have led them there merely for the sake of ridicule; but I prayed to God that it might have another effect, even if this had been their first intention."

Left on shore at Acapulco to await the mail steamer for Panama, *en route* to England, he writes:—

"It was a hard matter leaving a ship where I had spent two such pleasant years with so many kindred spirits. Our last evening together in Mr. C.'s cabin was one to be long remembered. I chose St. John xvii., feeling it to be a suitable subject, when parting from each other, to bear in mind Christ's parting prayer for us to our Father in heaven. It was a pleasant hour we spent together.

"On Wednesday morning, 9th January,

1856, I saw the last of my old shipmates. My heart was full when I said 'Good-bye' to them all, and I hurried over the side into the gig, where my traps were already, and went ashore with the Captain (Houston)—as worthy and excellent a Captain as I could wish to sail with."

Crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he reached England on the 16th February, 1856, exactly twelve months subsequent to the dates of his last home letters, and before the news of his unexpected return was known at home. The following letter announced his arrival to his eldest sister:—

"Tunbridge Wells,
"February 19, 1856.

"Yes—home! Oh, the joy that I felt on arriving home! That word contains so deep a meaning! 'Love' and 'home' have such a tie to each other.

"But though love, joy, gratitude, all were in my heart as I saw the dear faces once more, and shed tears of thankfulness to Him who thus has brought me back in safety—

could I forbear the thought of whose face it was I first saw when last I was brought home after some years' absence? whose voice it was that first hailed me on board the *Hecate*, with the cheerful 'God bless you, my boy?' Could I see the dearest mother in her widow's dress, the sisters in their mourning dress, without thinking of him who was absent from the home I left five years ago?

"God is my witness that I am willing he should be where he is, rather than here; but though 'the spirit truly is willing, the flesh is sadly weak.' From the day I heard the sad news to the date of my last home letter, I was guilty of committing the ungrateful sin of repining at my lot. I was making myself ill by it, and yet I could not bring myself to own it. In my heart I said, 'My lot is not just.' But yet God did not leave me. He whose love exceeds a mother's proved my friend in the hour of need. After many a struggle in prayer against feelings of this nature, I obtained the precious answer in relief, and from the moment that I saw clearly my way was ordered home, I was a different being.

My spirits were raised, and I commenced regaining my lost health and strength. And wonderfully has God blessed me on my passage home. I met with extreme kindness from all on my way, and in every stage of my journey felt that the Lord was my keeper.

"Arriving at Portsmouth on Saturday, I went on board the *Colossus*, and surprised D. not a little. He discovered my utter ignorance of all home affairs, and it only took a few minutes to arrange to go together to Tunbridge Wells. I arrived there two hours after a telegraphic message at 10.15 P.M. What my feelings were you may imagine.

"I spent the Sunday with them, and all day, though happy as could be, my thoughts were much on days gone by. As I sat in the pew, with the *two* tablets opposite me, I felt low indeed, but not more than low. The repeating hymns in the evening, singing, every little occurrence during the day, brought me back to old Haslar. I felt I was at home; and when kneeling with our beloved mother before I went to bed on Saturday, I did indeed feel the power of prayer."

The long five years of absence were now at an end. Charlie's first act, as the foregoing letter shows, on setting foot on English ground, was to telegraph the news of his arrival to the various members of his family. For many of these, already, the serious work of life had begun since last all met at Haslar. Already the one home was giving place to many homes. Husband and father lived no more; but the tie of family love and union was unbroken, and there is not one member of that family who cannot witness to the way in which, henceforth, the sailor Son and Brother seemed to step into the place of the sailor Father and Husband, recalling him often in tone of voice and trivial gesture, and yet more often in many a helpful token of a genuine Christian presence, strong as iron and tender as a woman.

CHAPTER VI.

Examinations.—Qualifies as a Gunnery Lieutenant.—*Excellent.*—First Lieutenant of *Surprise.*—China.

1856—1857.

FAMILY visits pleasantly accomplished, our young lieutenant again turns to work. Passing his examinations with first-class certificates in gunnery and in navigation, his acting commission was confirmed, but dated back only to the 20th April, 1855. From April, 1856, to March, 1857, he was on board the *Excellent* at Portsmouth, going through the extra course required for a gunnery officer, when he gained a first-class gunnery certificate, and the same in mathematics, No. 1 degree of merit.

To his eldest sister:—

"I now begin to love to think and talk of our father. I could not at first without being low, but now I can think of his memory with greater pleasure, and recall to mind all that

he was, and all that he did, even with a feeling of happiness. Joy! joy! joy! indeed ought to be our song, for how wonderfully blessed we have been as a family! The little goings-on at home must still for a long time bring back rather painful remembrances of him; but that feeling is to be cherished, and the pain must change into joy. I hardly knew before our one great trial the full selfishness of my heart, for I had not had it put to the test, and even that, though a hard one indeed, was needful for me. 'Still Waters' for to-day tells us, 'Trials are the Lord's furnace,' and that 'if we have not been tried, we are not safe.' I felt that my house was not entirely free from a sandy foundation, that my rock was not the true Rock, for when the wind blew the house shook. He whose care is over me, however, did not allow it to be wholly destroyed; and I believe that He took me and placed my shaken house on the only sure foundation. Though still out of repair, and very weak in its structure, now that the foundation is, as I hope, the right one, I have the further hope that the Great Builder of

souls may strengthen it day by day, and prosper the good work of faith He has begun in my heart, and finish it to perfection.

". . . . . Since I came down here for the gunnery examination I have been extremely busy. On account of the present system of so many lieutenants having gunboat commands, it is found necessary for them to pass a second examination in large guns, mortars, &c., &c."

To Lady Parry:—

"March 19.

"How my father was loved about this place! Do you know that the boards at Haslar still bear his name, never having been shifted since he left? You will be glad to hear also that both Captain and Mrs. Dacres take great interest in the welfare of the patients. Scripture readers have been established as an assistance to the chaplain.

"March 24.

'I am glad to say that this, the first of the three gunnery examination days, passed off most prosperously, though it has taught

me that I must be careful over my eyes, for when I left the *Excellent* this evening I was not able to keep either eye open for some time. The pain was acute, and though it is better now, two more days yet to come will make it very advisable for me to have a little quiet home stay, that I may get rid of past excitements. . . . .

"I am particularly anxious to bring a friend home, as I have a hope that it may keep him out of the clutches of some wild young friends, who will have gone when he returns, and his mother cannot keep him clear of them whilst they are here. . . . .

"I was (with D.) allowed to join the St. Matthew's party round the table of our Lord yesterday, and to be a partaker of the last tokens of a Saviour's love to me. I felt the benefit, and therefore believe I was accepted through Christ, as one of His sheep. Though continually straying from the fold, where safety only is sure, I do feel, with joyful gratitude to my God and Father, that His brand has been stamped on my heart, and that He reclaims me tenderly as one of His."

Whilst preparing for his lieutenant's examination at Portsmouth, he had been the guest of Captain Franklin in the *Sultan*, from whence the preceding letters were written. Notwithstanding the pain to his eye caused by the labours and excitement, he came out first on the list of those with whom he was examined in gunnery. His eye necessitated a visit to an oculist at Brighton, and a course of treatment, lasting eight months, which, while temporarily removing the pain in the right eye, was unavailing in restoring its sight. He became, moreover, short-sighted with the left eye, and was obliged to make use of an eye-glass. The close of the war with Russia shutting out all prospect of active service, he was appointed to the *Excellent*, and after six weeks' leave joined her at the end of June, to qualify himself as a gunnery officer. His time was fully taken up with study, but when he got away for the Sunday holidays, we find him enjoying the society of many of his father's friends around Portsmouth, and the religious opportunities which were afforded him on shore. "Two evenings on shore at

French" were his "share of *terra firma*, with the exception of Sundays," when he occasionally took part in Sunday-school teaching.

Writing towards the end of this period on February 28th, 1857, he says, "My last year has been a happy one, and one full of blessings, for which I thank God, and the retrospect makes me feel that ingratitude to God has a large share in my nature."

The complications at Canton arising out of the proceedings of Commissioner Yeh led to the despatch of a squadron of small vessels from this country in the beginning of 1857, which were destined to take part in hostile proceedings against China. Commander S. G. Cresswell, a friend of the family, having commissioned the despatch gun-vessel *Surprise* for this service, Charles Parry was asked to occupy the position of First Lieutenant. That this offer was not accepted without some anxious deliberation appears from the following:—

"C. will have told you of the unexpected change in my affairs. Captain C.'s object is a kind one, but I doubt its benefiting me in

reality. However, I would rather be in China in any capacity, and see some service, than remain idle in England, with all the bright prospects ahead of leave and comfort after the last few months of real hard work.

"You will enter into my feelings in this respect, and remember that in the Navy active service must be sought after by those who desire to get on, at the expense of the dearest home. I do not like the idea of failing to take honours in my examination, having been working so hard for them, but this may perhaps be only a lesson to me that, however near to the object of our ambition, we must expect at times a small change may prevent us ever actually reaching it. I can but take what certificate I can get, with the feeling that a wiser Hand than man's has turned me from the goal of my desires.

"I have, after talking to E., accepted the offer, asking for a week to take the best *Excellent* certificate I can get. I believe I have done right. It is in these matters I am unable to feel exactly that my way is ordered for me; I cannot feel quite sure that it must

'be well.' In this also I know that you will help me in that way allowed to all to help one another.

". . . . If the Chinese war is soon over, probably the rage will be to reduce establishments, and the despatch vessels will be the ones to return and to be paid off. I might, therefore (D.V.), be in England again in a year, having seen some service."

"*Excellent*, March 17.

"I've got my appointment, so I am safe to be off very shortly, and cannot hope for a day even to see any one. I'm allowed five days to scramble through my examination. It will be but a scramble. All my dreams of a 1—1— are gone. My brain is in a regular whirl of excitement, sadly against steady work. What you cannot actually advise in, I know you abundantly make up for by asking God to lead me in the right path. This appointment is sadly against the grain of my desires, but I dare say it will turn out quite right."

"*Excellent*, March 23, 1857.

"I've come out with the full 1st 1st! To-day

has been a dreadfully busy day, packing up, &c., and I'm now about to start for Plymouth."

"Devonport, March 25.

"On calling on Captain Cresswell, I was introduced by him to my new small craft and messmates, who were not likely, I must confess, to have a very good impression of the new comer, if they could but have had a look into his inmost thoughts, as we walked round and about a craft where everything looked in a maze and left-handed.

"However, active work at once left but little room for inward growling, and what between affairs in the craft herself and in my cabin (which has already undergone a wonderful change for the better), the end of the second day finds me more willing to believe that things may go pretty smoothly after all.

"To-night I am fairly done up, having been on my legs without a moment for a scrap of lunch from half-past six A.M., when I breakfasted, to half-past six this evening, when I came back here to dinner."

"*Surprise*,

"Good Friday afternoon, 1857.

"Still hanging on day by day without apparent cause. This has been but a sorry holiday for me, or for those with me; but I have done my utmost to commence decidedly with the principle I look forward to carrying out, under God's direction, of no work ever being done on His own peculiar days above what is actually necessary and unavoidable. I do trust that in the *Surprise* God's day may never, by my fault, be made anything but a day of rest and instruction for the soul. I trust much to the prayers of those who wish me well as to the results of my poor endeavours to do a little towards the duty I owe to God in preventing the Bible being a closed book with us, and hope that *one* at least may be found, when our term of being together has expired, who may feel a spark of something bright within him that may lead to further inquiry after his Lord and Saviour.

"Our inspection took place most satisfactorily on Wednesday, and I did not really expect so bright a show of work as our men

made, or so clean a deck as we managed to get for the occasion. Afterwards I went to spend the evening with D., and went with him to church."

"*Surprise*,
"Easter Sunday, 1857.

"One hasty line, that I expect may be the last, as we are looking for an early start to-morrow, unless the present gale keeps us back. I want to be off, as the work in the Sound makes me sick at heart for the welfare of the young ship's company. Their friends come on board, and with mistaken kindness will smuggle grog on board for them, and drunkenness follows as a matter of course. They are nearly all very young, and each time a young man is caught by drink, the more of a habit does it become, and every one knows how hard it is to break any habit, and, I think, drunkenness in particular. At sea they haven't the opportunity, and I want to get to sea.

"My first regular Sunday has been no Sunday since the morning service, and my heart and head ache at the remembrance of

it. I cannot say anything of it; for no good has been done. I trust that God has kept me from aiding or abetting in any harm myself."

"April 27.

"The dockyard men are ordered to work night and day to get the gunboats ready. The last reports from China bid us be ready for some active service, and we ought to be one thousand miles on our way there already. I hope the wind may blow us along cheerily, to make up for lost time.

"Last evening I braved the dangers of the deep, and spent it with D., going to church with him. In the week-time I feel bound to the ship, and cannot manage a clear day for a run anyhow. I cannot say I want to leave the ship much, now I've taken the shilling and shipped the first lieutenant's yoke.

"We look more like the yacht than we did a week back, and certainly make a fair show in the middle of our brethren about us.

"The responsibility of my position is felt by me more than I anticipated, though I had looked for some when I came.

"I've been blessed with extraordinary

health and strength, and do not feel done up in the least, though perhaps many a less strong person could not have kept the steam going so long. It is a happy thing for me that it is so, for I cannot be quiet, and there is lots of work still left undone in the humdrum routine of drills, &c.

"I am comfortable in messmates, who, though not *with* me in everything, are not *against* me as yet, and a little tact, if I can manage to raise any, may enlist one or more fairly on my side."

Sailing from Plymouth on the 4th May, 1857, with a squadron of twelve gunboats and one other despatch gun-vessel, under the command of Captain Sherard Osborn in the paddle-frigate *Furious*, he wrote from Madeira to Lady Parry:—

"May 16, 1857.

"After a most prosperous and pleasant voyage as far as weather has been concerned, though tedious from trouble with the gunboats in continually acting as tug, we arrived here this morning, and lie now as a Mosquito fleet in Funchal Bay.

"We are to have a hurried stay here, and, unfortunately, time is considered so valuable that we have to coal all to-morrow (Sunday), thus depriving our men of their natural right, as well as God of the respect due to His day.

"We go on very satisfactorily with the ship, and we have the bright prospect ahead of a fairly smart set of men at no distant day.

"Our Sundays at sea have been very quiet days, and the boys have shaken down very well into their Sunday-afternoon class; but with the men I have been unable to do anything yet, except some few listeners accepted the invitation given to come and hear our short sermon, and join in reading the afternoon second lesson with us. More may be done, I hope, yet. . . . .

"Since writing the first part of my note I have been on shore. Having invested in a straw hat and some white leather shoes, I bade the shore adieu, and have been well employed all the evening hurrying on our coaling, which the men have worked at so excellently that I may depend now on Sunday not being a working day with us, as it

will be all over in another hour. This is capital, and the Sunday rest will be doubly enjoyable."

As they had no schoolmaster in the *Surprise*, the first lieutenant took upon himself the instruction of the men and boys when the toil of sometimes harassing work was over, and spent hours on the lower deck daily, to their great benefit. In this he found an able assistant in the chief petty officer, who became his right-hand man in these, as in more professional duties. Of him he writes :—

"E. is quite a leading hand in everything, and makes as good a boys' schoolmaster as any ship well could have picked from the foremost men. A good P. O., a very fair drill, and a capital man for keeping the men alive after hours by good temper and fun, keeping his place, and liked by all."

The ship's company made their first lieutenant a friend, and were constantly consulting him about their affairs. Although there were not more than half-a-dozen boys on board, still their religious instruction was part of his personal care.

"Our Sunday class," he writes from Madeira, "has grown quite a settled thing, and I incline towards the idea that many ears are pricked up when their owners are apparently sleeping. God can, I know, open sleepers' ears, and I have His help."

Again, six weeks later, he writes, "Our boys have come on really very well, and have been able to do away with the Catechism, knowing it so well already. We are now reading through the Church service, and finding out the proper meaning of the several parts, which they seem to like by the interest they take in it. Three out of the five second-class boys not being able to read very well is a drawback at present, but they are improving, considering our routine shows them only able to have two days for school during the week, an hour and a half each time." Two months later he is able to report that "the boys are progressing capitally with E., and several men take advantage of our evening school for arithmetic, and use of the maps, &c."

Writing at sea, June 28th, he says:—

"It is now Sunday evening, and one of

those lovely days befitting a Christian Sabbath. The whole day, to the outward eye, corresponded with that beautiful description in the Sunday hymn. There is an inward calm, thank God, that belongs to the feeling of spending a day with Him:—

> "'Tis something that we kneel and pray
> With loved ones near and far away;
> One Lord, one faith, one hope, one care,
> One form of words, one common prayer!'

This is the binding link to our friendship when far away from each other, and one to make us very joyful and thankful. The service was peculiarly beautiful to-day. Hannah's prayer and the Collect, &c., so much to the point. How instructive in the simplicity of prayer are the Collects in our Prayer-Book! So short, and yet so full of meaning and beauty in their very pointedness. And what a lesson is contained in the short Epistle for to-day (Third Sunday after Trinity)! Does not the finish make one's heart burn with desire to love God above all else, who does so unceasingly show Himself our Guardian against our common adversary, the devil, in our daily weaknesses and temptations? . . . .

"Our Sunday-morning service is very regular, and consists of the Prayers, with Litany, &c., one Sunday, and Communion, &c., the next. No sermon is ever read. It is a difficult matter we find to get a good congregation, when we have church on the upper deck, for many Roman Catholics (?) keep on the forecastle. I have not used more than persuasive powers of getting some of them aft; but occasionally a few come voluntarily, and are followed by others. I am hoping to induce a few more to join us by the enlivening of the service with a little singing, which was to have commenced to-day, only the fiddler had to go into the doctor's list, which stopped us. We have collected quite a nice little Choir together, and about twice a week we've met for practice, so that we can keep each other going very fairly now indeed. . . . .

"My messmates are quite inclined to remember Sunday as a quiet day, and I'm by no means obliged to live in my cabin the whole day, which would be unpleasant."

Touching at Rio de Janeiro on the 1st of July, it was intended to proceed direct from

thence to Java Head. But a furious gale off the Cape of Good Hope dispersed and crippled the Mosquito squadron, and the *Surprise* was, he writes, "literally blown into Simon's Bay (the Cape), on the 7th August, against every desire of the Captain and every effort of four boilers to push past the Cape; but as she was gradually driving northward, and the coals were nearly finished, we finally made for this bay, and just reached it in company with the *Banterer* (gunboat), which had been blown in like manner out of her seven senses.

"We were a fair specimen of a wreck on our arrival, all our hammock nettings being washed away as far aft as the mainmast, and nearly all abaft that rendered unserviceable. So unprotected were we as to render it necessary to rig ridge ropes and netted stuff to keep the men from being washed clean overboard. Seas had no mercy on us, washing clean over us, and obliging us to batten down fore and aft. It would not have been so bad had we been tight; but the weakness of a contract vessel showed itself plainly, and we were as wet below as if a sieve only had been

over us instead of a deck, though the last nominal caulking was less than five months ago. . . . ."

He describes, in an amusing manner, how he rigged up an extemporised tent, made of umbrellas and tarpaulins, to preserve himself from a continual shower-bath when in bed, and how he triced up his bath and some tubs to catch some of the streams falling from the ceiling of his cabin.

At the height of this gale we find him writing, in a neat, firm hand, in a book containing his manuscript collection of favourite hymns, Longfellow's poem of "The Two Angels; one of Life, and one of Death," and a poem, entitled "There is sorrow on the Sea, it cannot be quiet" (Jer. xlix. 23), which concludes:—

"Yet oh! thou lovely and sparkling sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee;
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep, and yet rejoice!
Weep;—for the loved ones buried beneath:
Rejoice;—in Him who has conquered death.
Weep;—for the sorrowing and tempest-tost:
Rejoice;—in Him who hath saved the lost.
Weep;—over sin, and trouble, and strife,
And rejoice in hope of eternal life."

The news of the Indian revolt had called several of the ships on the Cape station to India with troops, &c., from that colony, and the *Surprise* was detained a fortnight at Simon's Bay to act as senior officer whilst repairing her own damages. Overtaking the Mosquito squadron at Singapore on the 9th October, they started with them next day, tugging two gunboats into Hong Kong on November 13th. "Though almost the very last to arrive," he writes, "we have always had the satisfaction of knowing that our delay has been caused chiefly by helping the gunboats in misfortune, and here, as at Rio, our arrival has been met by a most satisfactory letter of praise and thanks for the services of the ship since she left England."

CHAPTER VII.

First Lieutenant of *Surprise*.—Bombardment of Canton.—Capture of Peiho Forts.—West Coast of Africa.

1857—1860.

ON arriving from England at Hong Kong, they found the Commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, K.C.B., with seven ships, preparing to attack Canton.

The *Surprise* took part in the bombardment by the allied squadrons, on the 28th and 29th December, 1857. Moored head and stern between Dutch and French Follies, fire was opened on the city at daylight of the 28th, the guns of the *Surprise* being directed after one P.M. on Gough Fort, 3,100 yards distant, and on City Hill, 2,300 yards off. After nightfall twenty-four rockets were fired by her into the city, which was set on fire in several places. The English troops being observed on the heights behind the city at eight A.M., on

the 29th, the *Surprise* ceased firing an hour later, and the small-arm men and marines were landed, those of the *Surprise* under the command of Lieutenant Parry; but these, being employed in the reserve force, did not take an active part in the storming of Canton. The next day the *Surprise* conveyed the wounded to the hospital ship at Hong Kong, and after coaling, returned with Ordnance stores to the Fleet. After this, the *Surprise*, having filled up with provisions, coals, and stores, was despatched to the North of China. He wrote off Canton, on Christmas Day, 1857:—

"I've not had an English Christmas by any means, for, until latish this afternoon, work has been the order of the day, mooring ourselves into position off Canton, ready for helping with our guns towards the soon-expected attack.

"To all appearances, the ship's share of work will be but very small, for the forts are too far off for full work from our guns; but still we may be troublesome to them, and help the shore parties by attracting attention. Ourselves and *Nimrod* are together in the best

possible place for ships to be, and we boast the largest and heaviest guns of the fleet.

"Since our last talk together, we have been to Hong Kong for a full ship-load of provisions and ammunition, on our way running on a sand-bank, and remaining fixed there for a couple of days, with about two feet of water round us. However, in the meantime, we took a fine Chinese junk, and towed her down as a prize, leaving her at the auction mart for sale. My share will probably be about £7, or maybe more. This is the first prize I ever shared in.

"Our men have just come to request the presence of the officers for the usual Christmas ceremony, so I must be off. . . . .

"The ordeal being over, I again come to spend an hour with you. Our junk, taken the other day, was full of Chinese crackers and fireworks, so our illumination was made the centre of attraction to the ships about us. How gladly though would I have exchanged my night's position for *home!* However, I'm well off here, and should consider myself fortunate in most respects."

"Sunday Evening.

"I was taken away from writing to you by the preparation for battle, and have been at work all to-day, getting orders, &c., from the Flag Captain for our work, which is to commence at daylight to-morrow morning. We hear there are some guns nearer than we expected, so it is rather more satisfactory than we feared. It would be dull work having it all on our side!

"I've to get up early in the morning, so with tenderest love to all, I must bid adieu, and should you have any doubts of my safety, remember, 'all must be well!' God bless you all!"

"Amoy,
"February 21, 1858.

"This ship has been allowed a little modicum of rest and quiet after the extra racket of the Canton bombardment, with its preliminary and subsequent running up and down the river. The papers will have told you, long before this, of the downfall and capture of the Chinese stronghold, with old Yeh himself and attendant swells.

"Our guns did their work precisely, and the Gough Fort, at a distance of 3,000 yards, gave us a good long range. I was struck with the trivial recoil of our 68-pounders at this long range, when I had looked for extra strain on the bolts, gear, &c.

"After the firing, we all (the fighting ships) had to send as many small-arm men as possible to act as a support, in the event of more opposition than was expected being made against our men in front, but our hopes of any real fighting ourselves were soon set aside by seeing the English and French flags flying on the walls. We were only ashore (for of course I went with our party) about eight hours, and discipline was beginning to become very lax, owing to so many officers leaving their men to run on to the front to have a look. Their men being thus left, of course ran wild, and commenced ransacking houses, &c. So I had to act the 'Putter down of disturbances,' and went with twenty of our men to where the principal confusion was, and took the leaders into custody, thereby intimidating the remainder a little.

"Our men behaved admirably, and stood their ground in capital order, and when ordered to fall out and leave their arms to carry some captured guns down from the front, out of the four hundred and twenty men in our supporting reserve, the *Surprise's* were the only men who *piled* arms, except the thirty marines. This pleased Captain W. K. Hall amazingly, who said he'd a good mind to send us on to the front, knowing 'they must be in good working order to come the soldier as far as piling arms.' But we were wanted for sea, so he couldn't. . . . .

"Rumour speaks of our being one of an expedition to Pekin next month. I hope it may be so. The pirates are too quiet to suit us; but we hope for a row or two yet."

Writing from Ningpo, where the *Surprise* had arrived on the 14th March, 1858, he says:—

"From what I can see and judge of all the small crafts on this station, including particularly the Despatch vessels, we are certainly the best off of any. It may seem a great deal to say, but I'm sure I may say it with safety;

for comfort, for discipline, for effectiveness, and perhaps for neatness—which latter, of course, is a matter of opinion only—the *Surprise* is No. 1. The China papers speak of us as the 'comfortable and effective Despatch vessel.' Our Captain makes us all comfortable, and we agree amongst ourselves, which two things are surely the principal makings of a happy ship. Smart we never shall be, so far as tearing smartness is meant; but I find that a considerable amount of trouble during the first twelve months of the commission has worked things pretty smooth, and left less trouble for the future. . . . .

"The schools are progressing slowly indeed; for we are poor schoolmasters, and have a few terrible dolts to deal with; but still we do make progress. My Sunday class is almost entirely restricted to the boys. A few listeners from men, and I sometimes catch a passer-by; but none come regularly. However, I can't complain; for I don't do my part as I ought, and cannot look for success. Pray for me, that more power and more desire may be given me to

work for my Saviour in the station wherein He has placed me."

Four months subsequently he writes:—

"Our little school is very promising, and I must consider it highly gratifying that so many men can now write who, before joining us, were entirely dependent on others. We have school on the forecastle, the lower deck being now far too hot."

On the 30th March, 1858, he writes:—

"Our service on Sundays is really delightful now. One of three Church-of-England missionaries resident here comes off to us for the morning service every Sunday, and has quite fallen into our views of a short service being well for the men. Their sermons are prizes. So much about simple reliance on Christ; so much on man's state by nature, and the change to be effected by the Holy Spirit's influence. May God bless this simple teaching to all our souls! I enjoy the singing above everything almost; for it does so tend to raise my whole heart's attention from earth to heaven, and it shows itself beneficially amongst our men in gaining their attention.

A service read entirely must be dry unless the spirit of the thing be entered into and understood."

A resident at Ningpo, writing from that place on March 25, 1858, casually mentions that there had been a number of Naval officers present at the service on the preceding Sunday, and "among them was Lieutenant Parry, a son of the late Sir Edward Parry. He is a truly Christian man, and exercises a very useful influence on board the *Surprise*, the vessel which is now guarding us."

About this time he made several additions to his MS. collection of hymns; amongst others, his two especial favourites, "Clinging to Christ" and "Thy will be done," by Miss Elliott; also "The Emigrant's Refuge" and "The Father of the fatherless."

From Ningpo he writes:—

"April 12, 1858.

"You must go the round for me, with many thanks to all the subscribers towards the 'Christmas box,' which I got all right by last mail, and which made up for my missing letters by the last two. Its contents were

opened out ceremoniously before the glistening eyes of my jealous messmates. It quite reminded me of the bran-tub itself as I unpacked each separate article, and then referred to the list for the donor's name, and I need not say my heart was especially with you all. You must do your duty well for me, and give bounteous thanks to everybody.

"Yesterday, at church, we had several of the ladies from the shore, so attracted were they by the report of our singing. I only trust that the benefit to us may not be smothered up in getting into singing for effect. It is a pleasant thing to hear our men joining in together, and I cannot but hope that some hearts must go with the words in praise to God."

To support the demands of the English and French ambassadors on the Imperial Government, the allied squadrons, under the command of Rear-Admirals Sir Michael Seymour and Rigault de Genouilly, were assembled at the entrance to the Peiho. Whilst dallying with these demands, the Chinese used every exertion to strengthen the defences of the

river by obstructing the channel, erecting additional batteries, and bringing down troops from Pekin. Hostile operations having been decided upon, the *Surprise* joined the squadron assembled in the Gulf of Pechili on the 14th May, 1858, and her officers and crew took part in the successful achievements of the 20th instant, which led, a week later, to the signature of the Treaty of Tientsin. The bar at the entrance to the Peiho preventing the larger vessels joining in the bombardment, the landing party of the *Surprise*, sixty-one in number, entered the river in four boats the previous evening, and took up their quarters on board the *Nimrod*, in readiness for the next day's work. An hour and a quarter's well-directed fire from the gunboats having silenced the forts, the landing parties were pushed on shore about half-past eleven P.M. on the 20th, the division under Sir Frederic Nicholson, to which Lieutenant Parry and his men were attached, being told off for the capture of the north forts; a second division, under Captain Hall, took charge of the forts on the south side. The Chinese

retreated from the first fort on the approach of Sir F. Nicholson's division, firing jingals and matchlocks as they retired upon the second. From this and others they were rapidly dislodged, making only a faint attempt at a stand at the last fort. After spiking and capsizing the guns, the force re-embarked, and advanced to the capture of two forts up the river which had kept up a smart fire. The Chinese stood well to their guns, hulling our gunboats, and doing much injury to boats, spars and rigging, &c.; but the movement was successfully executed, and a further advance was then made up to Taku, where seven successive barriers of chains, and junks filled with combustibles, moored across the river, at once impeded further progress, and afforded good security below them to the allied flotilla for the night. These operations cost the British force, consisting of eight gunvessels and one thousand and fifty men, five men killed and sixteen wounded; whilst the French force, consisting of three gunboats and seven hundred men, owing to an accidental explosion, had six killed and sixty-one

wounded. For his part in these operations Lieutenant Parry was commended to the Admiralty in the official despatch of the Commander-in-chief.

"May 18, 1858.

"Most probably we help at the attack on the Chinese forts at the entrance of this river, with our boats and men, either to-morrow or the next day, and there probably may be a small matter of fighting—we think considerably more than Canton, on account of the number of guns, &c., mounted and thickly manned."

"May 21.

"We arrived on board again all right this afternoon, after two days' Peiho river work, and a most successful capture of the Chinese forts. We were under fire some time in our boats before landing, during which time but few of the landing parties were hurt, the ships taking most of the fire. But it was pretty sharp work for all hands; many a head would have been knocked off but for the *bobs* given on seeing the shot coming towards them. Our landing and advance, capture

and destruction of the forts and encampments, followed by the several necessary explosions, was a gloriously exciting thing, well and rapidly accomplished, considering the wide plains we had to traverse from one fort to the other."

The day after the capture and destruction of the Peiho fortifications, the *Surprise* returned to Ningpo, where he enjoyed much intercourse with the missionaries, deriving much spiritual profit from their society and from the means of grace thus afforded him.

In a private letter Captain S. G. Cresswell gives an account of the destruction of a nest of pirates at the island of Ling-ting, about eighteen miles from Hong Kong, when Charles Parry was again landed in command of the *Surprise's* men :—

"August 24.

"When I came off from the shore, the night before last, I found an official letter from the Admiral, ordering me to proceed at daylight with the launch and pinnace of the *Cambrian* to look for a piratical fleet. We had not long opened out from Hong Kong when three

piratical vessels hove in sight. I was just going after them when I twigged a lot of masts in a bay in the island of Ling-ting. The Chinese pilot seemed to prefer going after the few in preference to the many. However, I looked on the subject in a different light, and steamed in for Ling-ting. When about fifteen hundred yards off, the pirates opened fire upon us. I was much amused by the reasoning of our Chinese pilot. He wanted us to lay off about two miles, and pot them with our long guns. My idea was to reserve our fire until within about a hundred yards, and then give them grape and canister to their hearts' content. The pilot said, 'What for you no makey stop? You hab got long field-gun. Can makey fetchey. He hab no got; no can fetchey you.' However, his argument about the guns was thrown away, as in I went.

"When the shot began to hum about our heads, he then declared that there were rocks; so I had nothing for it but to put the ship broadside on, and blaze away a thousand yards from the forts.

"I sent the *Cambrian's* boats to take posi-

tion about four hundred yards from us, and advance till they could use the boats' guns with effect. The action was now general. Well, we silenced them at last, and when I went in with the boats they had all cut and run. I landed with a force of about ninety men, and seeing some masts just showing over a ridge, I marched up my men. When we got to the top, there were ten more piratical junks, just under us, in a little bay. I opened fire on them with small arms, and they were quite taken by surprise.

"The result—I captured and destroyed twenty-three large piratical junks, about three hundred heavy guns, and killed, wounded, or drove away one thousand men, without the loss of one man. The ship was struck several times. I do not expect to quit here for some days, as I have to be docked."

This being the third time he had been under fire in command of the *Surprise's* landing party, Charles Parry was again commended to the Admiralty in the official despatches; but owing to his small seniority as lieutenant, he was not promoted.

Having struck on a rock whilst engaging the second set of pirates mentioned in Captain Cresswell's letter, the *Surprise* was docked at Whampoa before proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope station. On her way to the Cape the *Surprise* called in at the ports of Cochin China, Borneo, Singapore, Penang, and Mauritius, arriving at Simon's Bay on the 19th December, 1858, having suffered severely in spars and sails from a heavy squall, about 4° south of the Line, and having the pumps frequently in use.

Captain Cresswell having been promoted, they found their new Commander, Lord Edward H. Cecil, at the Cape, ready to take command, which he did next day. On leaving the *Surprise*, Captain Cresswell certified that Lieutenant Parry "has conducted himself in every way much to my satisfaction. I consider him to be a most valuable, excellent officer."

A month subsequently the ship was inspected by the Commander-in-chief, Admiral the Honourable Sir Frederick W. Grey, K.C.B., who was so favourably impressed with the

discipline and good order prevailing on board, that he offered to transfer Lieutenant Parry to his own flag-ship, the *Boscawen*.

These events are referred to in the following letter:—

"Table Bay, January 26.

"Lord E. H. Cecil, though a young officer, is not content with knowing his duty, but thoroughly does it. He is a perfect gentleman, and, what is of higher consequence, a decided, steadfast Christian, one who has cast in his lot with Christ's people, and has determined, by help from above, that, whatever others do, he 'will serve the Lord.' And nobly does he act up to his resolution. Without any outward show or unnecessary appearances, he has let every one know that he wishes to work for Christ on board his ship as well as for his Queen. In a quiet opening speech to the men, the day after Captain Cresswell left, he told them that he hoped they would remember that their duty to God was the first consideration of their lives, and that nothing was their duty to man that was not strictly their duty to God. He said he felt

sure they would have no objection in meeting together, before the duties of the day commenced, to ask for God's blessing to rest upon them, without which nothing could really prosper. We consequently have daily morning prayers, and every one appears to be most attentive. He assists himself with the boys on Sundays, and takes great interest in our lower-deck school. These principal heads will show you our man. May God bless his endeavours amongst us, and give him fruit ripe for glory!

"You must congratulate us on having just accomplished a most successful *fourth* inspection. Sir Frederick Grey complimented us on all heads, and actually told us we had the cleanest lower deck and holds of any ship he had been on board in his squadron, and that we were a decided credit to the station we had just left. Notwithstanding our being thirteen men and boys short (and thirteen is a large number out of ninety-one, all told), our guns worked as well as I've ever seen them. The firing at a target was capital, and the 'Ral was highly delighted. He goes into gunnery

very thoroughly, trying your efficiency in all points. We were well up to all his moves, and he complimented us highly. He liked the plan on which our boats have their rocket tubes fitted, and has given orders for one of the flag-ship's boats to be altered similarly.

"He sat down in the ward-room, and said we looked very cosy. I told him we only looked what we really are, and that is exceedingly comfortable; at which he said to his Flag Captain—'I wish all our small ships could say the same.'

"I had the offer of joining the flag-ship as gunnery lieutenant, but, though a tempting offer, I declined it. My new Captain asked me to stay, and I did not hesitate in doing so; although, for comfort's sake, I would gladly have gone, as I am most heartily tired of my short spell as first lieutenant, and long for a little rest. It is certainly a most disagreeable apprenticeship."

"Simon's Bay,
"February 15, 1859.

". . . . We all most highly respect our new Commander, and congratulate ourselves on

having to finish our commission with him. . . . I think you would like to spend a day with us when all is going on quietly. The daily prayers, short, but regular and plain, are most impressive, and opening with a Doxology, or some one verse of a hymn known by all, serves, by the burst of voices joining in praising God, to rivet the attention of any one whose thoughts are straggling. . . . I commenced personal companionship with him on last Sunday week, by accompanying him to the Sacrament at Cape Town Cathedral, and together approaching our Lord's Table. I felt it an especial favour being permitted thus to join our hearts together in one common cause, bringing our vows together into our Saviour's presence, and taking Him, as it were, to witness that we were desirous of being of the same mind."

An entire stranger, whose ship called at the Cape, mentioned, on arriving in England, that he had "met the first lieutenant of the *Surprise:* such an excellent fellow! I felt at once I was in company with an exalted Christian character, one whom I would have trusted

with untold gold, with honour, and everything I hold dear. His name is Parry, son of that excellent man, Sir E. Parry, in whose footsteps I am sure he is walking. He is so liked by everybody. He had a new Captain the other day, who, when he found how the first lieutenant was engaged in good works among the men, did not attempt to stop him, but encouraged him in it, and took a part in it even himself. She is the happiest ship on the station. They are all so happy together. . . ."

On the 6th March, 1859, the *Surprise* proceeded to St. Paul de Loanda and Sierra Leone, and was stationed on the northern division of the West Coast of Africa. Against the monotony of this service, and its dispiriting influence on the crew, Lord Edward Cecil and Charles Parry had now to contend. A voluntarily attended Sunday-evening service was added to the means of religious instruction. The first service thus instituted had only eight attendants; but in a few weeks every man not on duty spontaneously availed himself of what soon became, from its purely voluntary character, a most popular oppor-

tunity of Divine worship. This sickly climate, acting on constitutions debilitated by service in China, was not long in producing ill effects on the crew.

Writing from Isles de Los on June 15, 1859, he says:—

"....We have been rather full of river work since last I wrote, and though every precaution was used to avoid it, were made victims both to fever and small-pox. Directly the first case of the latter broke out, we came to these islands and landed the sufferers, making a house on shore into a hospital, and every symptom of small-pox has, thank God, disappeared, though not without one death. Fever is still lurking amongst us, Sierra Leone being full of it. The Bishop (Dr. Bowen) was the last person we heard of dying from it. It has every symptom of true yellow fever. Could we but remain here, we should not desire a change; but the river work, joined to the frequent visits to Sierra Leone, takes away the feeling that this division is all we could wish.

"For my part, the coast is not what I

expected, and I do not believe that, where ordinary care is taken, health need suffer as much as some would make out must be. Frequent visits to the grog bottle are really more the cause than the climate, and the monotonous life is a snare towards the imagined enlivening influence of grog.

"Out of our small number of six in this mess only three remain: one is invalided and two are dead.

"I have been rather low lately, owing to the news of the death of five true, hearty friends—some of the gatherings of my wandering and unsettled life.

"One good, affectionate old lady in Honolulu even wrote to me a few lines on her death-bed, bidding me 'remain steadfast to Christ, and to cherish the value of Him as a close and unreserved Friend.'

"Another kind friend to me, when in Valparaiso hospital, dictated to me a few lines full of joyful assurance that he would soon be with Christ.

"A note from the father of an old messmate, whom I loved for his manly honesty

and straightforwardness, but who feared, instead of loving, our Saviour, tells me—'My son lived long enough to lose all fear of Christ, and died full of the happy knowledge of full freedom in Christ.' You can feel with me in writing of this little lowness. It helps me to bear in remembrance the number of friends still left me. May God grant me, for many a year, the invaluable blessing of head-quarters that I can love to know and think of as my home!

"....Our expectations of Chinese prize-money have been nearly extinguished by an agent saying the shares will probably not exceed 4*s*.! I should in this case roll in the extravagant luxury of about £5, instead of £100, as the rumour was in China."

Writing off Sierra Leone, 18th August, 1859, he says.—

"Since I last wrote to you we have been especially in the midst of death. The whole colony of Sierra Leone has been nearly cleared of white people by the terrible conjunction of real and virulent yellow fever and small-pox. The harbour is not much better, whole ships'

crews having been called to their last account, and others only barely manage to struggle away with one-third short and one-third more dead than alive. The *Trident* left with the yellow fever on board, and since that forty-two deaths have occurred on board her.

"And how, you will ask, is the *Surprise* getting on with it all? God's protecting hand has as yet mercifully preserved us from the fierceness of this pestilence; but it is bad enough to have it on board at all. We lost one man from the small-pox; but as yet only one other case has shown itself, and that has passed its crisis. Our fever cases are still numerous; but no yellow fever remains, thank God. We sadly feel the want of room for the sick, particularly the infectious cases, and have rigged up a canvass house abaft the funnel for their temporary use; but the deluging rains are hard to keep out. Chinese climate has worked into our men too much to stand the totally different climate here, and they feel the loss of the English vigour they left behind in China very much."

From Sierra Leone, September, 1859, he writes:—

"I am glad to be able to report that the late unpleasant visitor, yellow fever, has taken its departure elsewhere. The accounts we have lately received from one or two of the worst cases amongst the men we have invalided home by the mail packet seem hardly credible. Men, whose lives seemed hanging on a single thread, have rallied and entirely recovered within a few weeks after the commencement of their English diet. . . . .

"My duties constantly call for an appeal to our ever-present and ready Friend in the smallest affairs about me. I find I am far more readily tempted by loss of temper or by ungenerous feelings and thoughts in small things than when what may be termed real trials come across me. In small things I get so off my guard, but often has my Saviour come to my aid, and bid me to 'bear and forbear' if I wish to be myself forgiven. Closer intimacy, as with an inseparable Friend, is what I long for with Christ, to be *ever* mindful of His presence, and to study to please Him

in *all* things. I feel nothing helps me in this so much as in striving to *love* all around me, and to join love with justice in settling all disturbances. St. John's writings become dearer and dearer to me in this respect, being so full of love, and yet so powerful.

"I have known numbers who would commit themselves time after time, and be none the better for the severest punishments, who could not stand a kind word, who dreaded a speech, as they call it, but who have been remodelled by its effect.

"We are now off the River Pongas, up which I went some months ago to visit the Mission. They are now threatened by some of the neighbouring chiefs, and we have come to put things square again. I suppose we shall soon have a new Bishop out here. They feel the want of one very much to settle little arrangements about the distribution of the various aids they have out here, in the way of native teachers, &c.

"Will you ask C. to copy out for me the music of 'Through the day Thy love has spared us,' and also of Keble's 'Sun of my Soul?'

"Our sick list is large. We have had as many as twenty-four white men of our ninety-one on it, but we can hardly expect to reduce it much lower until we have a change. The life is monotonous, but a first lieutenant need not complain of dulness. Keeping the men employed, so far as the wet will allow, seems the best way of keeping them contented and well. Our schools are a benefit to many, but do not they just about try one's patience! I can hardly imagine that I was ever so stupid as some of my scholars!"

In harmony with one of the paragraphs of the above letter, we find inserted, on September 4, 1859, in his manuscript hymns, "A Christian's Prayer," which concludes:—

> "O Lord, pour out Thy spirit on my soul,
> My will, my temper, and my tongue control;
> Lead me through life to glorify Thy grace,
> And, after death, to see Thee face to face!"

From the Banana Islands, October 18, 1859, he writes:—

". . . . In dwelling lately on this subject (our Christian bond of union and fellowship in Christ), whilst regular reading has led me on to dear St. John's Epistles, my mind has

been wonderfully lightened and made happy by the feeling of complete companionship with Christ, as a Brother indeed, as One who is deeply interested in all my affairs, public as well as private. Do annoyances vex me? I feel He is at hand recommending patience, and reminding me how easy my cross is in comparison to those of many about me.

"L. sends me the new names for Naval Union in Prayer paper. I'm glad to see W.'s name down. How is P. getting on? Is he not willing to put his name there? He would not abuse the Prayer Union, if he could once get himself to place his name there. But he is too honest a fellow to do so unless he feels what he used to call 'up to it.' . . . .

"I should like to exchange my present station for the Peiho just now. They will, no doubt, pay off old scores next time, and not stop again without a visit to the imperial city of the Celestial Empire itself."

The stern-post of the *Surprise* sustained severe injuries at the Banana Islands, from the accidental fall of the screw propeller

whilst being raised out of the water. This accident ultimately gave much trouble, and, exposing the crew in a bad climate, caused much sickness on board, and led eventually to their return to England. The attendant circumstances are referred to in the following letters from Sierra Leone :—

"December 20, 1859.

" . . . . How very solemn a conversation on a death-bed is! Another of our men, only lately joined from a merchant ship, died last week of that raging yellow fever. I tried to draw him out, before he became insensible, to speak of his home. Finding his mother was dead, and that he remembered her to have oftentimes begged him to stick to his Bible as a sure guide to heaven, I felt I might try and influence him to think of the possibility of death, and of eternity, by pointing out that he might never again see his mother (whom he seemed to remember warmly), unless he was prepared for eternity. I regret to think that, though he said he would like to meet his mother again, he had no care for Him who alone could bring their spirits together.

Fate was his only idea—'If I am to go to heaven, I shall; if not, I cannot.' He had but one day of real intelligence after his illness; the three days immediately before his death he was utterly unconscious of everything. Death after death is occurring amongst the merchant shipping; but the protecting hand of God watches wonderfully over us. . . ."

"Things go on honestly between the Captain and myself, each knowing the other's differences of opinion in various matters, and he is good enough to go a long way towards meeting me, and I try to set aside many of my own fanciful hobbies, my duty being to carry out my Captain's ideas, and not my own, when they differ. I cannot think it right to alter my ideas on many subjects, but there is no occasion to be obstinately set against his."

To Lady Parry:—

"December 29, 1859.

"As you probably will see something in the papers about the sickness on board, and our going to Ascension to recruit, I have begged five minutes from the doctor to tell you that after several days on the sick list with

fever and rather violent fainting fits, I am at last almost convalescent, but still am unable to rise off my back without the strangest giddiness and sickness coming on. The doctor says I shall get round fast now.

"For some time I was the only officer except the doctor and engineer out of the list, and kept out longer than was wise, but there was so much work that I wanted to wait till some one else relieved me. The Captain is very weak, and all the business is worrying him terribly. He won't keep to his bed for all the doctor can do. Ours is not yellow fever, but remittent African fever. Our white crew have nearly all been laid down, and we can only feel truly thankful to Him who has caused the heavier shade of yellow fever to be kept clear of us."

Having been sent to the Convalescent Hospital at Ascension, he writes from thence, 31st January, 1860:—

"Since I last wrote we have all been down with severe intermittent fever. Every officer and man, excepting two of the latter, has been in the list, and many had heavy relapses

and worse second attacks. We were on the beach for some time at Sierra Leone, examining our stern-post, on which surveys had been held, and the necessary repairs caused us to remain for the full half-tide. It was satisfactorily completed, and the ship hauled off, without any symptoms of fever, but the very next day it came down on us like a thunderbolt, twenty-three going into the list within a few hours, and many more complaining. The Captain himself was one, and he decided to leave with all despatch for Ascension. Labourers were hired, and we coaled, took in provisions, and re-shipped our stores, &c. (for we were stripped and entirely cleared out of everything to lighten her for beaching), and left for this place on the 29th December.

"I was obliged to go into the list two days before we left, having hung on as long as possible, all the others being already sick; but when I found I was fainting, and giddy and sick, I gave up. I was well enough to be out of the list for light work by the 5th January, the day before we arrived here, having made an unusually quick passage of seven and a half days.

"We were at once ordered to send all sick to hospital, and to land all the remainder in tents rigged up for their use on shore. Every one went but myself and the Paymaster, and with the Kroomen I had the job of cleaning the ship out thoroughly, which was done all right. The Commodore, whom we found here in the *Arrogant*, came on board, and was much pleased to find the vessel so clean, writing a complimentary letter to the Captain about it, approving highly of his having come down at once.

"Our men remained in their shore quarters until last Saturday (28th January), when they turned over, and glad enough they were to do so. Working parties had been on board for some days, coaling, provisioning, and storing stores, &c., so that we are now very nearly ready for sea. We found, during our passage across, that the fastenings we had put on our stern-post at Sierra Leone had commenced to work, and two large iron stays completely broke in two, thus showing how very weak the posts were themselves. A fresh survey was ordered by the Commodore, which resulted in

our being ordered home as a sailing ship, the screw being altogether unshipped. It was pleasant indeed to feel that we really were under orders for England.

"After the work was all over on Saturday last I felt queerish; but putting it down to being tired, thought nothing of it until a little later, when the same kind of giddiness and weakness came on that I had before, and which were signs of approaching fever again. Sickness and headache sealed my fate, and though on Sunday morning I was not on the list, I could not manage to last through the whole Service, and before the afternoon I was fairly booked for this place, for a few days' change of air and scene, whither I was sent in a donkey-cart on Monday morning, and am now fairly installed as a convalescent patient."

A few days on Green Mountain, with fresh air and freedom from responsibility, having restored his health, he returned to the *Surprise*, which left Ascension, under sail for England, on the 4th February, and, calling at Sierra Leone *en route*, arrived at Plymouth on the 12th April, whence he wrote:—

"After having been buffeted about most unmercifully by gales and heavy seas, we have at last safely anchored off Old England. We probably might have had to take to our boats and a raft had we been out much longer; for our stern-post is all adrift again, our Ascension repairs having broken down. The ship has been strained tremendously; beams having started in two or three places, coal-bunkers moved out of their places, and water coming in uncomfortably fast. But we are none the worse for it ourselves, though very cold, and soaked pretty well."

The *Surprise* was inspected the following day, and, having been dismantled, was paid off on the 24th April, 1860.

Neither the work of paying off, nor the desire to join his home party, prevented Charles Parry and his Commander joining with those chaplains, officers, and seamen who met weekly for prayer at the Sailors' Home, Devonport. Speaking of the efforts thus made to introduce a higher standard of spiritual life into the Naval Church, he wrote, three weeks subsequently—"Let us pray with-

out ceasing, and leave no stone unturned to use all endeavours to spread abroad an interest in the work of gaining friends to the cause of Christ, without despairing should an occasional attempt appear to be fruitless. I do not mind myself the Naval interest in these matters being apparently small, if it be but a fact that there are scattered here a few and there a few, joining together in prayer for an increase. I like a steady progress better than a sudden start. May God, in His own way, give the blessing of a true religion, pure and undefiled, to the whole Navy!"

CHAPTER VIII.

First Lieutenant of *Bulldog*.—Sounding North Atlantic.—Iceland, Greenland.

1860.

FROM the Tropics to the Arctic Circle is, to a sailor, no very unusual change; and Charles Parry, not long after his return from China and Africa, was summoned to fresh scenes, which for his father's son were full of no common interest.

Captain Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who, in 1853, had been the first, after thirty years, to track Sir Edward Parry's footsteps on Melville Island, and who had since gained lasting fame by his memorable voyage in the *Fox*, which settled the long-pending mystery of Franklin's fate, was once more about to tempt the Northern ice. In June, 1860, Sir Leopold commissioned the *Bulldog*, a powerful paddle-wheel steamship, for the purpose of surveying the projected course of a deep-sea telegraph to

America, and offered the post of first lieutenant to Charles, who eagerly accepted it. The ship, indifferently manned for such a trying service, was speedily fitted with the necessary apparatus for taking deep-sea soundings between the Faröe Isles, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador; and, sailing from Portsmouth on the 24th June, was able to start from Stornoway, sounding *en route*, after filling up with coals, on the 2nd July. In the meantime, exposure to the constant wet weather which prevailed after joining the *Bulldog* on the 7th June, combined with the remains of the late fever on the West Coast of Africa, threatened to interfere with his intended voyage. Happily he was enabled to resume his duties two days before her departure from England. Of this he wrote, on the 18th June:—

"For five days I have been on my back with lumbago, &c., which now, by aid of internals and externals, is on the road to recovery. It has been most unfortunate, when work was at this time so abundant. My chief fear was not being able to go in *Bulldog* after all. . . . .

"I read the *British Flag*, and desire for a like earnestness in the Navy to that of the Army; but I believe that stepping-stones, such as we have, are sure to result in a substantial bridge before long. I *cannot* be in favour of pushing even religion by the violent power of steam until its sailing qualities are well tried. Much is being done, and nobly done, by our Naval and Military Bible Society, our 'Home' interests, our 'Missions,' and private exertions, and I believe our chaplains are improving. Remember me always in your prayers, praying for my weakness and want of zeal in Christ's cause, and thus help me Zionwards."

"June 27, 1860.

"After I sent off my last line from Spithead, we weighed, and it was not till late on Sunday afternoon that I was able to realise the idea of its being Sunday. However, I spent a quiet evening in my cabin.

"You would not think much of H.M.S. *Bulldog* were you to see her now, after having been two or three days steaming against a heavy sea and strong wind; for

all our foremost hammock nettings, &c., are washed away, and we look very unlike a vessel that ought to be allowed to wear her Majesty's pendant.

"*Stornoway.*—I had a walk on shore yesterday; but even when two or three miles away from the town, my fingers were obliged to retain a firm grip of my nose to prevent the horrid stench of oil from the boiling factories. . . . .

"And now for a word of Sunday. Just after leaving England, when about to serve out the Bibles and Prayer-books to the men's messes, they were found to be not forthcoming, and discovered to have been scratched off the demand by a former Paymaster, who was here for a few days, as things 'useless and not required for a ship going into cold weather'—being treated like white tropical clothing! We tried to buy some here; but only four Prayer-books and twelve Bibles could be found in English, there being plenty in Gaelic. This is a bad look-out, and one that cannot be bettered until we reach Sydney, Cape Breton."

Sounding between Faröe and Iceland, they found no difficulties on the sea route for the proposed cable, and the *Bulldog* reached Reikiavik, the chief town of Iceland, on the 11th July.

"Iceland first showed itself to us on Tuesday morning, and many an anxious eye was strained as we approached the neighbourhood of the newly or freshly active crater of Katta, on the Jokul Volcano, to discover a symptom of activity, but in vain.

"Thick drizzly mist hung over the land, and entirely obscured the upper parts of the mountain from view. The position of Hecla itself was fairly ascertained, and we try to satisfy ourselves that we have seen it. The grandeur of those mountains we did see was a sight not to be forgotten, and we were the more sorry that our view was so limited. Steaming close along the southern coast-line, the glaciers were seen in full clearness, and seemed as if they were discharging themselves in full force, for the rush of many of the mountain torrents was tremendous.

"An expedition starts to-day for a try at the

Small Geyser, a work of two days, and far from likely to be a successful one, for the Geyser seldom works. But they describe the scenery as magnificent, and I should like to have joined the party, but cannot this time, as we are full of work. The real Geysers are too far, unless a week could be given up to it. It is now five A.M. The rain is pouring down, and our work is going on between the heavy showers. It is not by any means cold, the thermometer being generally 51°. My rheumatism ought to have come on again; for, with the greatest care, I am nearly always wet, and have a cabin-full of wet clothes beside.

"From Stornoway we went to the Faröe Isles, and stayed two days at Westmanshaven. Steaming between the islands to get to this place was like being in a river, and the scenery magnificent. The channel, at the widest part, about two miles, and in many half a mile only. Each side perfectly steep here and there, with cascades falling from a height of 1,500 feet; and where the sides were less steep, torrents pouring down them at every 300 or 400 yards, with a noise like

thunder. Some of these torrents suddenly terminate in a grand waterfall of 200 feet or so, and appear as if they would swamp the ship.

"Flocks of sheep, almost wild, added to the scene, and one bright sunny day made us enjoy it amazingly.

"I had a ramble on shore, and climbed up to one of the highest waterfalls, hoping to have found the lake whence the water came, but after getting to what we thought was the top, there was the torrent to be traced for miles and miles in the distance, defying us to find its fountain-head in our limited time. . . . . We have to shut the light out now to get to sleep, as the sun does not set until past ten o'clock."

Five days' calm enabled them to complete the soundings across from Iceland to within twenty-five miles of Cape Valloe, on the east coast of Greenland, where packed ice barred nearer approach to the shore. Sounding along this icy barrier, they encountered, from the 19th July, a series of gales of wind and vast quantities of ice off the south point of Greenland, which prevented all further sound-

ings for a month. Proceeding up Davis's Straits in search of a snug harbour in which to take in coal, they found themselves barred off from the coast until they reached Godthaab, in latitude 64° N. On the way the following letter was written, off Frederickhaab:—

"I was hardly able to land in Iceland, as swinging ship and sounding a small bay round for a running survey was left to me and our Surveying Master. . . . Finding no collier there, forced us to economise fuel, and the soundings from Iceland to Greenland had principally to be obtained whilst under sail—a difficult matter in rough weather, as it was impossible to keep the ship exactly over the lead—a necessary thing in 1,570 fathoms, our deepest sounding. We consequently had on several occasions to lower our cutter down, and by under-running the line by her, get the down-mark. Our Surveying Master met with a terrible accident to his right hand, which laid him up completely for some weeks. The boat work has fallen to my lot since, as a volunteer. The bottoms we obtained were

wonderfully interesting, as they were explained by Wallich, our naturalist, under his microscope. Our deepest soundings have all been obtained with the small cod sounding-line, bringing up the 130 lb. and 56 lb. weights combined with the greatest ease, by the steady strain of our deck donkey engine.

"The sounding work entirely prevents any drills, or even ordinary work with the watch, and the Captain, very rightly, does not allow the watch below to be disturbed for anything.

"The weather has been terribly windy, and bitterly cold, owing to the wet, the thermometer itself never having dipped below 40° yet! Even when alongside the largest bergs it has only felt cold. On the bridge, when looking out for the floating lumps of ice, it is nipping work, as a sharp look out must be kept to keep our paddles clear. They have had two severe shakes, owing to blocks getting foul of us before they were seen. We can see how far the screw is superior to paddles for ice work.

"The day we sighted Greenland was a

magnificent one—bright sunshine, with little or no wind. The steam was up, and as we went near the coast to run the soundings in as close as possible, we had a sight not easily to be forgotten: the whole range of hills towering over us like so many giants, the valleys between the mountains for the most part completely filled in with snow, and here and there the bluish tinge of an immense glacier standing out against the background of the pure white snow. Pack ice along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, hemmed us in right across the track, the whole of the floating pack coming south-eastward from Davis's Straits. We had to stand right away due south to clear it, and for two days we were literally right amongst the pack, continually stopping, and 'hard-a-starboard,' 'hard-a-port,' to clear out of the way.

"Some magnificent bergs were seen, not large, but most fantastically shaped, and looking truly grand as they floated past us. . . .

"You may imagine the delightful work it is trying to make our lively 'bounty men' imagine they are sailors occasionally, to get

through the matter of an extra reef, or some such unheard-of manœuvre. . . . .

"Our leaving England without any Bibles or Prayer-books was a sad commencement. Our Sunday service is consequently very tame, and it is difficult to expect the men to pay even common attention when they have no book at all to assist them. Our library is well attended, and plenty of books are exchanged on Thursday afternoons. I attend the issue, and have got rid of several of the Prayer-cards by offering them with the books. No doubt many are thrown away; but some may be kept. The messes generally bring their tracts to exchange on Sunday after church, and plenty come back gloriously dirty—a sure proof of their not having been stowed snugly away.

"I notice amongst our wild-looking men a far greater amount of swearing than with our real man-of-war's men. These men, however, are not inclined to refuse a word on the subject, and the common reply is, 'Tis what we've been brought up to.' This I believe to be the case, and trust that with us in our

service they may be led to learn differently.'

"Godthaab, Greenland,
"August 13.

"After tremendous work amongst the ice—paddles being bent and floats smashed—we managed to get in here on the 7th—our coal brig in tow, and have been completely blocked in by ice ever since. A break-up this morning has made us hurry off, and we are now weighing."

Whilst frozen into Godthaab, such a survey was made of the harbour and its approaches as the ice permitted. The season was the most remarkable for thirty years, from the great quantity of ice which encumbered the shores, making the approach to Cape Farewell, at the south end of Greenland, impossible within less than forty-five miles. From thence a line of soundings was run across the entrance of Davis's Straits to Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, in very indifferent weather, which rendered the process a matter of difficulty.

After a week spent in the examination of this inlet, the *Bulldog* proceeded to Sydney,

Cape Breton, where coaling was completed, and the chronometers rated, returning to sound the bank of Hamilton Inlet on the 17th of September.

Several of the crew, disheartened at the severity of the voyage, and afraid to face Greenland again in the fall of the year, deserted at Cape Breton. Of this he writes off Belleisle, September 15 :—

"Your letters deserved a better return, but my excuse must be the extreme annoyance caused by our men running away, and the extra work of stowing away an enormously large deck cargo of coal. . . . .

"We got away on the morning of the 12th, minus twenty of our men, four being marines. From examination of their bags, &c., we are led to believe that a large number had no intention of deserting; but, once within the clutches of those who tempted them away, they have been kept from returning by being drugged, or by some such means."

Additional soundings and specimens of the bottom were obtained when recrossing to the south-west coast of Greenland, while they

entered Julianshaab on the 29th September. With great difficulty the *Bulldog* put to sea on the 3rd October. It was now evident that an early and severe winter had set in; snow fell almost daily, and the nights were already twelve hours long, putting an end to ice-navigation. Approaching the east coast of Greenland once more, they commenced sounding within four miles of the shore on the 8th October, when a storm of unusual violence arose, which blew steadily from north-east for three days. On the 9th, from seven A.M. to one P.M., Sir Leopold reports:—"No hurricane could have blown harder, and for three hours we were compelled to lie-to under bare poles, as canvass could not have stood its force for a moment." Drifting clear of the land, which had been in dangerous proximity, "the engines were kept going, with a view to avoid icebergs; but most fortunately none were seen while the storm was at its height, as the engines seemed to have hardly any effect upon the ship. We suffered perhaps less than might have been expected, but we lost the jib-boom, carried away the bowsprit and

tiller, had one quarter-boat washed away, the other quarter-boat and stern-boat were badly stove, and portions of the bulwarks and paddle-boxes washed away."

In the height of this hurricane we find Charles, as usual, reading the "Christian Year" for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. His little copy of these hymns, with its manuscript notices of place and date, forms almost a continuous journal of his movements during these years.

By seizing the few opportunities between these gales, soundings, necessarily wide asunder, were secured along the line between Greenland and Rockall as far east as long. 26° W. Diverging to Reikiavik, Iceland, for a week, the *Bulldog* filled up with coals, and, in the teeth of a succession of foul winds, they succeeded, on November 8th, in carrying the line of soundings on to Rockall Bank. At length, on the 11th November, they were driven by want of coal into Killybegs, County Donegal, after an arduous and perilous voyage of five months.

On the following day he wrote:—

". . . . . Since we left Sydney, Cape Breton, we have had gale after gale. We had one tremendous hurricane, which did us all sorts of damage, and kept us in constant anxiety for four days when close to the south-east coast of Greenland, which, being a lee shore at the time, made the icebergs, that kept drifting down from windward, all the more unwelcome visitors.

"Since then we have been at Reikiavik again for a week, and in a measure repaired our damages, sufficiently at any rate to stand another tremendous battering encountered between that port and Rockall, which has made us a nice spectacle.

"We were very nearly blocked up at Julianshaab, west coast of Greenland—ice forming around us at anchor, and an immense quantity coming into the fiord, completely blocking up the entrance for three days. The new ice was thin, to be sure; but sufficiently thick, when combined with the 'brought-in' floe ice, to cause unpleasant visions of an unexpected Greenland winter.

"We had snow sometimes there four feet

deep on our decks, and, one night, having froze, we had to let it remain until the sun thawed it. I tried my skates on it; but it was too rough. In a lagoon on shore we had one day's capital fun, the only thing being that mine were the only skates either on board or in the colony, and had to do duty for all hands. . . . .

"I wish my voice could aid in furthering the admirable principle of raising men for ourselves from youth—men who grow up desirous of keeping a *clean skin*, if that were the only thing!"

Arriving at Portsmouth half a wreck, so far as their upper works were concerned, but with the object of their voyage accomplished, he wrote the following tribute to the daring seamanship which distinguished his Captain:—

"I far from regret the late cruise, for, with all its temporary inconveniences, it has been exceedingly interesting; and to have got to know Sir Leopold is in itself sufficient to make me glad I came. I could not have conceived so much calmness to have been the property of any one man. In the greatest

difficulties, and under the most aggravating circumstances, his face would not alter a muscle, and, except occasionally a little quiet chuckle and a rub of the hands, he would show no symptom of noticing changes in weather, position of the ice, or other intensely interesting matters—the quiet chuckle meaning 'a change for the better!' Steady watchfulness, and a quick, decided order, though in a very low tone, was his *régime* for a 'change for the worse!' No outward show of anxiety, no nervous irritability, no unnecessary noise, ever betokened this, though, in his own quiet way, to me he has let out how deeply anxious he was on several occasions. And well he might have been! No one could have passed the same time with him in similar situations without gaining confidence in him, week by week, until the pinnacle of confidence that man can place in man has been reached. If I were to go on talking about him, I could go on until I had driven you to sleep, so I must stop!"

Nor was the good opinion all on one side, for we find Sir Leopold reciprocating this testimony, writing, after further service to-

gether, of his former First Lieutenant—"I cannot speak too highly of his zeal, professional ability, and temper throughout. He was still more distinguished by his Christian bearing, ever thoughtful for others, correct, highly principled, and unassuming almost to self-abnegation. No individual in the whole service held so high a place in my estimation, or gave higher promise of a most useful career. I never knew him to deviate from what he thought to be the most correct line of conduct, either as an officer or as a high-minded Christian man; and although so rigorous in these essentials, he was respected and beloved by all."

CHAPTER IX.

Hero.—Channel Squadron.—Royal Yacht.—Made Commander.

1860—1863.

HIS next appointment, on the 12th December, 1860, was that of fourth lieutenant to the *Hero*, 91, Captain A. P. Ryder, one of the Channel squadron, under the command of Admiral (Sir Robert) Smart. Owing to the large proportion of "bounty men" amongst the crews, the moral condition of this squadron was notoriously low. Each ship, however, carried a chaplain, and the presence of a responsible religious guide naturally deterred officers of Charles Parry's tone of mind from taking that active personal part in ministering to the spiritual needs of their subordinates which we have seen Lord Edward Cecil and his first lieutenant taking in the *Surprise*. Moreover, joining the *Hero* for a few months

in the middle of her commission, and only as fourth lieutenant, it would have been foreign to his reserved nature to put himself forward as a leader of any special religious movement. That his own personal influence was ever on the side of his Divine Master we know from his messmates. In the quiet retirement of his cockpit cabin he found the means of arming some of the midshipmen against their demoralising surroundings. One such instance, casually referred to, after quitting the *Hero*, will illustrate his mode of action in this respect:—

"In my cabin I often had three, or perhaps four, of the young mids, just about half-past nine P.M., to spend their last half-hour with me before their time for 'turning in;' and latterly, two of my little friends and I used to read a few verses together when the others had gone. It was beginning to be so pleasant, that it made it quite an unpleasant thing leaving the *Hero*. Dear little boys they were, both of them! They were so honest and warm-hearted, that I do hope the little seed, being in honest ground, may be watered by

the Spirit, and kept from being choked. God grant it may be so!"

As regarded promotion, his prospects seemed not very favourable; but his letters at this time breathe a spirit of contentment, and a determination to make the best of circumstances. After a trip round the north of Scotland, &c., he writes on the way to Ireland, August 2, 1861:—

"I am quite glad that I have had the opportunity of going such a pleasant round since I left Portsmouth. We enjoyed ourselves immensely at the Orkneys and Shetlands, and only longed for more time there to have the full benefit of the wild freedom of the islands. We made up parties of about five or six, and went off on fishing and shooting excursions of two days, leaving all the humdrum routine of a liner behind us for a time. It was thoroughly refreshing, and acted as a capital tonic for a fresh start of ship life.

"Except for the one certain feeling that no good can result to me in a service point of view from being fourth lieutenant of a line-of-battle ship, I cannot imagine myself better

off than I am here—as comfortable as possible, and with a good set of messmates, and by no means made a slave of, as far as work is concerned."

From Queenstown, August 11th, 1861, he writes to a friend:—

"Owing to imperative Admiralty orders, our Sunday has been a coaling and cleaning day, and consequently it has savoured little of the Sabbath in any way. Duty on board has also kept me from going out of the ship, which I would gladly have done otherwise. . . . .

"My home party has just been reduced by another addition being made to Christ's fold. My dear father has lately welcomed into the mansions above our dear little Willie, who, after a severe attack of diphtheria, followed by extreme exhaustion, breathed his last quietly and calmly on Saturday evening. He was taken ill at Harrow, and never was able to leave his sick room, our mother nursing him through it all. He is buried at Tunbridge Wells, next to *my* mother, in Trinity Churchyard.

"I can write no more now. God bless you

and yours, and spare you any blow of this sort for many years to come."

Of the death of his brother he writes a few months later:—

"I like the idea of my father and Willie being the two of our family taken first. The youngest and eldest, all ready to take in the others between them. What a meeting it must have been for them! I read that little book of Mr. Monsell's ('His Presence, not His Memory') to-day with much interest and delight. Strikingly beautiful some of the little pieces are. I especially liked that one, speaking about not keeping the name silent, but making the mention of it be a comfort in itself."

The lines referred to are not inapplicable to his own memory:—

"Shun not his name; may the day never dawn
When we shall dread to breathe it in his home;
Though with droop'd eye, hush'd voice, and sigh half drawn,
And its ten thousand memories it come."

Notwithstanding the seeming hopelessness of promotion, the cruise in the *Hero* had a happy termination for our sailor.

"H.M.S. *Hero*, Blacksod Bay, County Mayo,
"September 22, 1861.

"MY DEAR ——,

"The above heading is all wrong; so do not believe a word of it! The fact is, I started a note, and, when so far towards accomplishing it, I was called away, and have neglected you ever since. This is to explain, not to excuse myself. The correct heading ought to be:—

"H.M. Yacht, Portsmouth,
"October 12.

"Yes, the Yacht owns Lieutenant C. Parry as one of her officers! The first signal made to the fleet on their arrival at Spithead was —'To *Hero*—Lieutenant Parry is appointed to the Yacht.' You may imagine my surprise, and, in fact, every one's. No one expected I was likely—myself least of all. . . . .

"The next news I heard was that my brother E. was very ill indeed, and that the doctors had ceased to hold out substantial hope of his rallying. Twenty-two days of low typhoid fever, with touches of brain fever, had reduced him to the very lowest possible state. I went off to London at once, and

stopped four days there, partly to see him if possible, partly to ease M. . . . . The latter I managed, the former I dare not risk; but by watching for sounds, and keeping up constant communications with the nurse, I got M. to let me manage the night work. . . . . After the third day I was there, a change for the better took place, and I left on the fourth, satisfied that he had been brought through by the loving Hand that alone could do so. I must now close. God bless you and yours, and spare you from any like severe illness, for it is dreadful to bear; and the danger of losing one's hold on Christ, from very human weakness, is fearful to think of."

From the Royal Yacht, Portsmouth, he writes, November 5th, 1861 :—

"I only came back from my first leave yesterday, having been most of the last three weeks with E. at Acton. I had the pleasure of leaving him just about to go away to recruit himself. The two doctors who attended him quite rejoiced with us at his apparently wonderful recovery, one having said to the other that he feared there was no hope.

"How equally are we in God's hands, in health or sickness! My prayer was, 'Spare him to us!' My faith was insufficient to feel that it would be well, whichever way it was to be. I never felt how weak I was before, how terribly unsafe my foundation was or is, how little my faith was faith in Christ, how much of it was faith in self, in nothing. And without faith, surely no hope that is good for anything; for what can be the good of hope if there is no faith to back it up? And yet I fancied I felt I had faith to trust in God, to take His will as my will, and I thought I could honestly say and feel, 'Thy will, not mine, be done!' but this last trial proved the hollowness of my faith, and has quite bewildered me. Never so weak as when I thought I was strong.

"I tell you all this for you to help me, and that you may give me a lift out of the mud of doubts and difficulties I have all of a sudden discovered myself to be in."

"December 3, 1861.

"The weekly prayer-meeting at the Portsmouth Sailors' Home, on Tuesdays, is very

different from yours at Devonport. I think the large, cold chapel is not suitable for it, and no Clergyman appears ever to attend. Since I have been at Portsmouth this last time I have not seen more than seven in attendance. I think I have caused a stir about it. Cards have been printed, like yours at Devonport, inviting attendance, and have been, and will be, distributed. All the old ones have disappeared.

"I hope to move for the removal of the bowling-alley elsewhere. It is now so placed that you must go through it to the chapel, and I have heard remarks from the men about it. Besides, its position keeps men from using it. They do not like to knock the balls about in hearing of the chapel room."

The extract last quoted shows that the luxury of comparative liberty afforded by his present appointment was not suffered to degenerate into idleness. Besides his work in connection with the Portsmouth Sailors' Home, of which he was made a Director, he undertook the duties of a district visitor in a poor neighbourhood on shore. Of this occupation, un-

usual enough for a Naval officer on active service, unfortunately scarcely any record exists; and it would have remained altogether a secret from his own family but for a casual remark made on one occasion to his brother in connection with parish work.

A Naval Medical Inspector writes in relation to this period:—

"My own life being much spent amongst the poor families of seamen here, I have reason to know that he was never weary in well-doing."

"I have," he writes himself, "linked myself on to one of the Curates here, whose especial district is full of seamen's and riggers' families, and have already become much interested in a few families amongst them. On more than one occasion I have had a reminder from some sick-bed of the lectures in the ward at Haslar. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days' —the son gleaning the result of the father's work.

"I have proposed establishing a canteen in the Home here; but as yet have no sup-

porters, and am looked at askew for wishing to bring drunkenness amongst the fellows. Beer is allowed, and is drunk at all times, besides at meal times, by those who like to get beer in from the neighbouring grog-shops. It has always seemed to me that there can be no more harm in having a canteen fixed to the establishment—spirits, of course, as at military canteens, being excluded—than using the surrounding grog-shops as the canteen. Pots of beer are continually being carried into the door of the Home by those who are able to keep from remaining to drink it at the bars where they buy it. It seems to me monstrous that the Home should be dependent on the grog-shops, its natural enemies, for anything, even for beer. However, I may be mistaken; but I am not going to give in yet. I have proposed one or two matters of change, for which I am looked at as a mutineer; but as I tell them they chose me for a Director, they must take me for better or worse, for this year at any rate. This Home is well used; but anything but paying, and I think it ought to pay better than it does."

His services to the Home were so appreciated by the Board that he was continued on the list of Directors after he was ordered abroad, and up to the time of his death. Nor were the frequenters of the Home insensible to his efforts on their behalf, as the Superintendent was able, long afterwards, to write:—

"I have met many seamen who, speaking of him, would tell me—'Ah, sir, Captain Parry is the man for the likes of us!'"

On New Year's Day, 1862, he writes to Lady Parry from the Royal Yacht:—

"The peals of all the ships' bells in the harbour have just proclaimed the fact that 1862 has opened upon us, and my pen must echo the wishes of my heart for a happy New Year to you and to us all.

"1861 has closed upon us for ever. All its old memories, whether of sorrow or joy, or whether of both, in some cases, linked inseparably together, now spring from a year that has passed away, and must often be looked back upon by us all as a family and as a nation.

"The national loss has, in its many close

connecting links, opened continually afresh to us all the matters of life and death that have been our family share; and, in sympathising with our dear Queen, my heart has freshly sympathised with my dearest mother. I think again and again how nearly both my brothers were numbered with the saints above, and how the crisis that the Prince sank under brought the rallying-point to our E. The close watching of the Prince must have been to you as your watching our Willie's last few days—hoping to the last, and satisfied that, when he sank at the end, it was into His Saviour's arms. . . . .

"The gifts of the past year have been many and great, and I trust my heart is grateful for those especially my own, as well as for all the others."

Writing from the Royal Yacht, off Dover, on March 28th, 1862, he thus mentions some fruits of his district-visiting work on shore at Portsmouth:—

". . . . Day by day fresh instances are brought before me of the slender scaffolding of life, and yet how strong it is so long as

God's hand is there to steady it, however man may undermine and try to ruin it!

"I have just been made happy by being the instrument, in God's hand, of saving a drunkard from the devil's clutches. Not by teetotalism, for I cannot advocate what I do not profess myself, but merely by the poor fellow not having quite lost all sense of honour. When I first paid a small debt of his, which would have turned his poor wife and two children out of doors, I was able to get a promise from him that he would drink nothing except beer, and that only when he was at home; only, the quantity I advised to be left to his wife's discretion, and we sealed our agreement with prayer. When I went to see the poor man, the other day, he was so grateful that it was quite touching, and his wife's face alone repaid any little trouble on my part. I got him a situation for day-work, and he is now doing well. He wants the one thing needful yet, and will not see that God has befriended him. I have asked him to read a few verses out of his Bible, and to use Miss Marsh's prayer-card daily for the next

month, and this he has promised to try and remember to do with his family every night before the little ones go to bed. I hope that now his heart is softened it may receive a spark of light and comfort from above.

"It is, I think, in such cases especially that the comfort and privilege of being permitted to pray for fellow-sinners is greatest. How closely does one cling to the Saviour's feet in pleading for another's sins to be conquered! There seems to be no fear then of that horrid thought coming counter to one, 'Is it deserved?' with which the devil has the power to assail one, when pleading in an hour of very weak faith for oneself. I think the devil has no stronger argument than the idea of a sinner being undeserving of pardon, when the only real truth to be felt is, 'Am I willing to be pardoned, and willing to go just as I am?'

"You must not mind an occasional prosy letter from me now that you are on half-pay. Some of my little interests will, I know, interest you, and when the help of prayer is required by each one of our friends to plead

an especial case before God, it is of too great value not to request it."

Again:—

"I have been worried the last few days with a troublesome business, so at its close sit down to have a talk with you; and I hope, with Sunday close at hand, each of us, wherever we may be, may feel especially drawn together at the same time in the Service—

> 'One Lord, one faith, one hope, one care,
> One form of words, one common prayer.'

"Surely this alone is a heart-stirring tie to our beautiful Church-of-England Service. Cold as it may be made when love to Christ is wanting, its thrilling warmth, where love is, proves its value. My occasional visits to other Services only serve to increase my love and affection for our own."

An entry made about this time in his manuscript book of hymns may be inserted here:—

> "Perhaps our weary feet long time have trod
> A foreign land, and on a foreign shore,
> After privation long, we heaven adore
> In our own ritual. Then our native sod

Seems dearest, and for those we cherish there
We tremble with a thrilling interest,
And breathe to God our very tenderest prayer,
Thinking 'tis echoed by a kindred breast!
Oh! blest the bond, all other bonds above,
Which binds the near, the far, in one vast love!"

He continues:—

"I have formed a very pleasant alliance with a set of officers, principally military. Colonel G.'s house is our head-quarters every Tuesday evening, when we meet for a couple of hours or so for prayer and Bible reading, the subject being chosen beforehand. As we get on I will let you know more of this, but for the present remember that then we are gathered together to seek an especial blessing."

Again, a few weeks later:—

"I hope to be able to keep up the Tuesday-evening meetings at Colonel G.'s. It leads me to talk sociably on matters connected with religion, and this I find to be both pleasant and satisfying to my inner man, which deadens terribly when left to itself. My natural shyness comes in the way here; but I push harder against it at these times, and try to forget that I am in any but 'friends'' company, relations in unison with Christ, our one com-

mon Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend. How encouraging to feel sure that He is ever near as a real Friend! He who has done all for the removal of our sins is also willing to help us in our worldly troubles and petty trials. . . . I need the prayers I know you give me. Thanks for them and for all your love."

To a friend he writes on Christmas Day, 1862:—

"Do you meet with sympathy from any friend, sympathy in the road we are treading Zionwards? Have you any friend to talk to of Him Whose griefs and sorrows and cares were so heavy, and all borne for us? If not, I feel for you, dear fellow, immensely. Our hearts so want a fellow-helper in times of trouble, to meet together in person at the throne of grace, and unburthen together our minds to Him Who can never be separated from us. Sometimes doubts and mistrust and sin build up a self-made barrier that the natural man has to climb before he can again feel in His presence. But when safely on the other side of the barrier, how warming the welcome given!"

From the notes in his Bible, some of which were made when in the Royal Yacht, we may gather the tone of his mind and the care with which he treasured up the instructions of the pulpit. A pencilling on one of the fly-leaves, dated March 15th, 1863, appears to be headings of a sermon heard at St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, from the text, St. Matt. xxii. 11:—"He had not on a wedding garment."

"Solemn season after the gathering in of souls. One here, the representative of a large multitude, not having a wedding garment. . . . .

"I. What is the wedding garment required? There must be a wedding garment—a preparation for that day. One complete garment fit for the whole body—Christ Himself. Rom. xiii. 14—'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.' 1 Cor. i. 30, 31—'In Christ Jesus, Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, Redemption'—Redemption of souls, of bodies, of inheritance. 1 Cor. ii. 14—The natural man receiveth this not.

"II. The presumption of the man who dared to appear without the garment.

"He was not a man who was altogether careless, &c.

"There was no excuse made by him.

"He was found amongst the people of God.

"He thought himself right, and the king's servants thought him so too.

"The king at once singled him out and knew he was not right; and he was cast out at once.

"We may deceive men, but not God, who is omniscient and omnipresent."

Another such example may be given from another pencilling, made on Good Friday, 1863, on the text, Hebrews x. 14:—"For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

"In the 10th verse God's will is spoken of as in Christ, and the sanctification of His people.

"This verse speaks of how by Christ we are 'perfected' (those that are sanctified) for ever —completely.

"1. The offering is presented to our notice.

"2. Perfected for ever.

"3. Who are concerned? 'Them that are sanctified.'

"1. One offering. The whole key to this epistle is the oneness of everything in Christ. Perfect salvation in Him, and by no other, &c. &c.

"The one offering, Daniel ix. 24, 'to make an end of sin.' Col. i. 28, and ii. 10, 'Perfect in' Him, 'Complete in Him,' and (mark) for *ever!* And who are warned? They 'that are sanctified.' Who are they? They that are in the Father, Son, and Spirit, receiving from each, believing in each, upheld by each. First the Spirit comes to teach us of God the Father, and through Him of God the Son, and by Him again of the Father."

The metrical "New Version" of the 23rd Psalm, verses 1, 2, 3, and last; and of the 139th, 1, 2, 3, and last verses; and the whole of the 121st, are pencilled on a fly-leaf of his Bible. The last verse of the 121st, written in full, without abbreviations, reads:—

"At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end."

Describing the part taken by the Royal Yacht in bringing the Princess Alexandra from Denmark, he says :—

"As you have seen the full description of our proceedings with the Princess Alexandra, any repetition will be needless; but I cannot let the day pass without one line to say how all our hearts glowed with the general enthusiasm.

"Friday night we spent in the Thames, a few miles above the Nore, the several men-of-war forming the accompanying squadron as guards of honour being anchored round us to protect our precious freight. They could not, however, protect us from the hundreds of passenger boats which, crowded densely, kept buzzing about us until close on midnight, cheering and illuminating, and doing the best they could to prove they were quite determined to have their full share in the festivities.

"Our illuminations were very pretty. Stacks of rockets of brilliant colours were sent up by fifties at a time from our bridge, and rows of men, three deep above each other, with red and white long lights alternately (the Danish colours), formed a pretty effect.

"On Saturday morning we were almost hemmed in by the small, crowded steamers, and the anxiety for fear of an accident was not small—one *touch*, and hundreds must have been in the water—but we escaped, and got up to Gravesend in beautiful style. Shortly after the Prince of Wales came on board, and the meeting was one not easily to be forgotten by those lucky enough to be present.

"When the Prince and Princess landed no cheers were heartier than those of the Yachtsmen, and none of them more so than mine. The hearty individual shouts of 'God bless you both!' were no idle words of form. I'm sure everybody honestly wished it. They made a capital pair—both tastefully dressed, and their faces beaming with happiness.

"You will be tired with my long yarn, but on such an occasion as this every one must write about the different parts he has seen and taken in it."

Very precious were the opportunities, which these two years on board the Yacht afforded, of intercourse with the members of his home circle. A fortnight's visit to the Channel

Islands with his brother in the spring of 1862, and a month on the Continent in the following year, including a successful ascent of Monte Rosa, have left memories with the survivor which are not easily transferred to a written record. With a sailor-like facility of making himself at home under every conceivable type of a traveller's minor discomforts, and with a hearty yet unobtrusive readiness to make friends with chance comrades of every degree and nationality, he combined the under-current of a genuine, simple, Christian character, never thrusting forward his principles, yet never backward to own and support them if occasion arose.

Promotion—long deserved—came at last, in September, 1863, and the next month he was appointed Commander of the *Aurora* frigate, under his old friend, Sir F. Leopold M'Clintock.

And now the shadow of a severe trial fell across his path.

CHAPTER X.

Aurora.—Disappointment.—Rejoins *Aurora.*—West Indies.—*Duncan.*—North America.—Swiss Tour.

1863—1867.

"Exeter,
"November 19, 1863.

"HERE I am, *en route* for Devonport by early train to-morrow, being again in harness as Commander of *Aurora*, with Sir Leopold M'Clintock. . . . . The idea of actual work has somewhat mazed me! I did not expect to be at it so soon; but 'All is well,' and I suppose I am lucky. What an unmeaning word as it is generally applied! Good night! My eyes refuse to keep at work any longer."

The closing words of this letter were unconsciously prophetic. He had not been afloat a week when his eyesight almost entirely failed him, in consequence of the old injury received in the *Portland* ten years

before. His religion was thus submitted to a most severe test, and emerged triumphantly from the trial. At one period he was able to do little more in the way of evening occupation than to sit in a room with a shaded lamp, and employ himself with netting, at which he was expert. Always reserved, now more than ever shut up within himself, no murmur ever escaped him, although to him, as to the rest of his family, the possibility of a calamity which none dared to shape into words was no doubt constantly present.

From London, to which he immediately returned, he writes :—

"You will, I know, heartily share in my grievous disappointment at having probably —and I fear without a doubt—to give up *Aurora!* A complete shadow came suddenly over the good eye on Monday morning, and on consulting the doctor, I was advised at once to come to London to see an oculist, which I did, and instantaneous cupping, with certain medicines, has stopped some of the pain, which was sharp for a time; but his verdict is—'Rest for brain and eye compul-

sory, and dark glasses.' He does not fear the loss of sight; but says if brain-work continues, the danger of congestion is imminent. He cannot yet tell if a cataract is forming: if so, in time an operation will be necessary. My sight now is indistinct; but it *is* sight (thank God!), and the worst may be the downfall of all my present pleasant prospects. No ship! No Sir Leopold! I was again cupped this morning, to stop inflammation, and am to see the oculist to-morrow.

"I went to the Admiralty, explained my case, was most kindly sympathised with; got an order to be surveyed at the medical department, where they agreed that rest from head-work was compulsory, and advised me to give up for a time.

"My plan, if I may make one, is to go to Acton, and try to forget the fact of being ever appointed, and give E. such assistance as a lame duck is capable of. It has been a terrible struggle to keep down the feeling that I am being *hardly* dealt with. The disappointment is indeed severe; but doubtless there is a reason for it all."

"Acton, November 27, 1863.

"One line to say all is now settled, and the *Aurora* with me is a matter of history, having got my discharge. So ends much that was pleasant in one short fortnight. Doubtless I shall be helped to find the silver lining in the apparent cloud! From all quarters sympathy comes daily. For all your dear love and care, many, many thanks."

"Acton, December, 1863.

". . . . . I find it dreary work not being able to read: five minutes' reading makes me feel I ought not to go on; and yet writing has not the same effect so quickly.

"I have taken to netting, as an amusement which requires neither sight nor brain, and night-school work with 'the three R.'s' is the amount of my powers in helping E., except occasionally visiting. I hope for a Sunday class of young men at the Rectory, if I can manage it, next Sunday, on trial."

"Acton, January 5, 1864.

"Many happy returns of your birthday. It has never quite come home to me before that

you were born on the Epiphany. The double link of the day to you must be a pleasant one. Christ manifested to the Gentiles, leading to the promise of individual loving fulness, 'I, the Lord, am *thy* Saviour.' May you realise this to its entire depth and full power throughout this new year, and be daily refreshed by drinking at the ever-abundant fountain springing from Christ Himself! How the efficacy of prayer comes to be felt in remembering that to the same Power that gives the desire to pray does the prayer itself return, taking with it all the wants and desires of the creature. God bless you!"

"Acton, January, 1864.

". . . . . When reading is found to be trying, even for five minutes at a time, thought comes in as a welcome friend, valued as it is perhaps at no other time. In everything how wide the span between God's ways and ours: God's dealings with us for our good, and our ideas of what we should do for ourselves were the choice wholly our own! 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing' (Prov. xxv. 2), used to humble my rebellious

thoughts long ago, when I tried to think, 'Why is this?' I was comforted from the moment I thoroughly took in the fact, that the glory of God—the God of love—was manifested in the very mystery, as it appeared to my poor understanding—to Him no mystery, but each act having its own object clearly defined to His Omniscient eye.

"How glorious the power of thinking of all His care during the past, as a means of drawing us closer to the shelter of the same wing in the present, whether that present be of joy or trial, or both combined! And how this power of thought comes, in enabling us to speak to Him fully of matters which we shall hardly dare to trust our lips to utter! At such times of really close communion, how entirely all present trials are forgotten, or only remembered as the very cause of this blessed nearness to Christ—this realisation of the perfect brotherhood with Him, and sonship to the Father, and undoubted, actual, indwelling of the Spirit!

"I cannot write more, as it is so bad for me, but I am glad to have had a word with you.

May God draw us closer to one another, by drawing us closer to Him, and keep us abundantly supplied with the power of prayer and the simple trust of children! How entirely boundless is the promise, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive!' Somehow or other it will come, though, perhaps, from an opposite direction, in an opposite manner, totally different from the way we expect."

In the spring of 1864 his eyesight sufficiently improved to allow him again to apply for active service, and strangely enough, through the invaliding of his own successor, he was a second time appointed to the *Aurora*, then in the Baltic.

The constant recurrence of unfavourable symptoms from time to time during the next few months, combined with the physical effects of the anxiety through which he had been lately passing, is enough amply to account for his taking no active prominent part in connection with the religious instruction of the crew during the remainder of the *Aurora's* commission. But though the flesh was weak,

the spirit within him was strong as ever. One of his last acts before leaving Acton was to ask his sister-in-law to illuminate a text, which he might hang in his cabin, to help others as well as himself. The words were his own choice: "He that is not with ME is against ME." This silent yet daily preacher of witness for Christ is not an inapt type of his own religious character.

Though without a home of his own, his presence was like sunshine in the homes of others. "It seems as if half the bright days of my life had gone since Uncle Charlie died," expressed the feeling of many besides his little nephew. His attitude in Church, his attendance at the Holy Communion, his voice in hymns and responses, were often commented on by those to whom he never directly spoke of God.

Rejoining the *Aurora* at the Nore on the 31st May, 1864, he was gratified to find that a zealous chaplain had made considerable progress in providing for the spiritual needs of the crew. A Bible class of seamen had been organised, which met every evening under a

screen on the main-deck, and in which his predecessor and other officers had taken much interest.

The months of September and October were spent in the Baltic, escorting the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to the Courts of Denmark and Sweden. Of this he wrote from Elsinore:—

"October 5, 1864.

". . . . I had two full days of museum and other sight-seeing at Copenhagen before our Stockholm visit. Thorwaldsen's statues and bas-reliefs beat any picture gallery to my mind. Their arrangement, too, is so admirable. . . . . Amongst other gaieties, I went to the grand opening festival at the Christiansborg Palace; it has been closed as a Palace for two reigns, and being just restored and reopened, advantage was taken of Princess Alexandra's visit to use it for the first time for a royal 'at home' and concert. It was superbly got up, and the music capital. The Princess was in high spirits, shaking hands with every one of her old friends, and evidently heartily glad to see them again.

"I got into conversation with a tall, gaunt man, full of wit and humour, and had an introduction from himself before very long—Hans Christian Andersen. 'Have you read my tales? What think you of them?' He was most amusing certainly. Later, he gave me his photograph, and, as he seemed in a liberal mood, I said a sister of mine who was very fond of his stories would appreciate one very much from himself; so he placed his hand with a carte in it on his heart, and said, 'With Hans Andersen's heart, to your sister!'

"You will have heard of the welcome we got at Stockholm. The Naval men were especially civil to us. A steam launch was placed at our entire disposal when there, and their mess and club thrown open to us."

Arriving at Portsmouth on the 28th October, 1864, the *Aurora* was, till the middle of January, undergoing a thorough course of repair to hull and machinery preparatory to joining the squadron on the West India station.

Leaving England on the 21st January, 1865, he writes from Madeira, February 4:—

"We have had a succession of foul winds, regular gales, since we left Plymouth Sound.

". . . . One little boy fell from aloft and was killed, and buried a few days ago. An opportunity for the most impressive service our Prayer-book holds, to my mind—a Funeral Service at sea. A large number of boys, just come to sea for the first time, gave the Chaplain an excellent opportunity for a short address at the end of the Service, and all, officers as well as men, were much impressed. Never did I hear a more thoroughly hearty and general burst of voices than from our seven hundred men, all met together to see a shipmate buried, when singing, 'We've no abiding city here.'

"The little lad's death helped the way also for dipping into the depths of one or two of my especial little Middies, whose flightiness and carelessness were, for the time at any rate, brought to a check by the accident.

"After a good day's work in the heat of a Madeira sunny day, I am now enjoying a comfortable lounge in a verandah at an hotel on shore, with a delicious breeze cooling the

air. The hubbub of a couple of dozen Middies' voices at a croquet ground underneath is not exactly helpful to writing, but it is most pleasant to see them all so thoroughly enjoying themselves in the liberty of space after their cramped-up quarters on board. To-morrow is a holiday for all our men to have a run ashore, and with them comes the Commander, I hope, to have a ride or something of the sort. The choice of locomotion here is varied. The grass hammock, carried by bearers; the bullock waggon on sledge-bearers; then the bullock sledge without any cover, which rattles down the hills at a furious pace, and the sitter is by no means safe from even serious capsizes.

"I hope to send you a more cheerful account of the comfort on board from Barbadoes than I can now. The crowded state of our decks makes the comfort a very minimum quantity, but we try to make the best of it.

"I played one of my foolish pranks (fainting) this morning, finding myself on the carpet, and frightening my messmates, who were unaccustomed to such eccentricities. When

I got up I told them not to be astonished at anything I did of the sort. It had nothing to do with my eye, only the heat."

A month later he writes, "At sea, three hundred miles from Barbadoes:"—

'Every one has enjoyed the passage, and though we shall be glad enough to get rid of some of our live cargo, we shall part very well satisfied with each other. The supernumeraries have certainly done their best not to be troublesome, and I, for one, am very grateful to them.

"The weather has been most delightful, and the evening bathe overboard, the daily excitement of the dolphin being caught, or the porpoise or bonetta harpooned, and flying-fish jumping inboard as prizes to the Mids, who delightedly spend hours after dark with lanterns hanging out of a port, are new pleasures to many on board, and have served to make the time pass pleasantly. . . . . The Captain longs for an iceberg to cool the air.

"Amongst other books, I have been reading the 'Schonberg Cotta Family' again. The last half I liked much. All the account of the

Reformation made me again wade through, with no small pleasure, D'Aubigné's 'Reformation.' It was always a friend of mine."

After going the rounds of the Islands, and a visit to the Spanish Main, he wrote from Barbadoes, March 25th, 1865 :—

"*Off Venezuela.*—What a Government to be sure! Hard at a revolution a month ago, to unseat a President who was somewhat more honest than his brethren, and consequently not a favourite, and then, after all, the wrong man got elected as President by a ruse, the result being another revolution expected to unship him and his party. The 'army' turned out whilst I was on shore, to prepare for active service, over 3,000 strong, the numbers being made up by Coolies and labourers—any one, in fact, who wanted a job of work, and did not mind being shot at for his day's wages, uniform, not only of clothing, but of arms, being immaterial; each man given a certain sum to furnish himself with a weapon. Imagine the result! Old muskets, some rifles, pikes, axes, a motley crew indeed; and yet, from what I could gather, a really serviceable set

of men—fatalists at heart, and willing to fight to the death.

"The Captain having to be employed on duty on shore, to my lot fell the reception of Spanish or Venezuelan Dons. Every other visitor hailing as a General, we kept our guns constantly going to give them the 'General's salute.' Not a corporal on board but what would have been a better officer than half these Generals (so called)."

He writes again from Barbadoes, October 2nd, 1865:—

"I cannot put *Aurora* as my address, being established, *pro tem.*, at a friend's house in the country, on what may be called sick leave, *i.e.*, thoroughly to pick up strength again, after a slight return of the same feeling I had at Demerara. Living on board kept my mind too much connected with ship affairs, so the doctor recommended my accepting one out of numerous invitations to spend a few days in the country. . . . . My kind host and hostess know me well enough now to know I like being left to myself a good bit, and have only bargained in return that I am

to feel quite free to call for and do just what I like."

The *Aurora* had been inspected by the Commander-in-chief, Sir James Hope, immediately after her arrival from England, where he was favourably impressed with the good order and discipline which prevailed, and with the capabilities of her Commander. When, therefore, a vacancy occurred in his own flag-ship, the *Duncan* (90), some months afterwards, the Admiral gave the appointment to Charles Parry. It was while on sick leave in the country at Barbadoes that, on October 7th, 1865, this most complimentary appointment reached him. The *Duncan* being at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the *Aurora* ordered to convey Sir Leopold to Jamaica as Commodore, he was discharged to the shore, to await passage by mail steamer to St. Thomas', and thence by Bermuda to his ship. From St. Thomas' he conveyed to Bermuda the intelligence of the negro insurrection at Jamaica, and, on arriving at Halifax after a stormy passage, found that the Commander-in-chief had sailed for Port Royal with the 17th regiment.

Following the Admiral thither, he joined the *Duncan* after a month's chase, and found that the disturbances had been already quelled. In the meantime he wrote from the Mail Steamer, bound to St. Thomas', Oct. 13th, 1865:—

"My ship is changed again. This time I fly into the upper circle, and try a flag-ship Commandership, Sir James Hope having appointed me to the *Duncan*. As Sir Leopold leaves the *Aurora* for the Jamaica Commodoreship, I am less sorry to leave her.

" . . . . I have been down with rather a sharp stroke of the sun. When I got the news of my new appointment, I was on shore recovering strength. A succession of daily fainting fits made the doctor talk of invaliding me, which might have been necessary had I not effected this change of climate. Bowman warned me against the tropics; but I fancied up to a month ago everything was going smoothly. This sun-stroke has evidently freshened up the sore in my eye, *i.e.*, to a certain extent, in the nerves about the brain, so I do not join the *Duncan* under very favourable circumstances."

The *Duncan* remained at Jamaica for four months. He wrote thence, December 6, 1865:—

"The flag-ship still remains here to keep the peace. . . . .

"We are wondering how the Exeter Hall people will take the apparently severe measures adopted to stop the disturbances, and almost expect some will be found to condemn what every one here acknowledges to have been the only salvation of the white inhabitants.

"I can report most favourably of myself —plenty of hard work, but plenty of food, health, and strength to carry it out.

"The crotchets of some people may be legion; but so would mine be in their position, and I try to fall into them, and banish the idea that because they are other people's, therefore they must be 'humbug'—the groundwork of many so-called difficulties in every ship. . . . .

"Lots of work; but the more there is to do, the more refreshing it becomes to withdraw from the press, if only for a few minutes,

to fill my mind with thoughts of home, and of our better Home. It steadies me more for the work ahead; refreshes me, bodily and mentally; helps my temper, and makes me try with greater success to live more for others than for myself. God bless you all! Send oceans of love for me, in return for all that comes to me."

The *Duncan* reached Halifax on the 9th April, 1866, where, with the exception of a week at St. Andrews in the same month, and a week at Quebec in the month of June, she continued stationary till her departure for England. This long interval of harbour service was not necessarily one of idleness to the Commander of a line-of-battle ship. Laborious, however, as the position was, it was naturally an uneventful one. Yet it supplied unceasing opportunities for the exercise of that sacrifice of self in every-day life, and that living almost exclusively for others, which had become habitual to him. It was this unobtrusive "consideration for others in little things which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact." Necessarily thrown in

upon himself by his executive duties, it was only like-minded men, looking below the surface, who knew the source of "that geniality of disposition which all appreciated." Even when his official duties brought him into collision with his subordinates, they did not in cooler moments cease to respect the "cool judgment, command of temper, and fine sense of justice" which actuated their Commander. Ere the ship was paid off, he "had succeeded in winning the esteem of all on board, from the Admiral downwards," and "many amongst them mourned in his death the loss of a kind-hearted shipmate and of a thoughtful friend."

While in the gaieties of the general society at Halifax he took little or no part, he cheerfully performed the duty which devolved upon his office of making others happy, by getting up parties on board in return for the many hospitalities of the people on shore. "Though he never danced himself, he took his full share in contributing to the enjoyment of his brother officers by assisting at the balls given on board, many of which owed their success mainly to his exertions." On shore he cor-

dially participated in the social enjoyments of a few private families, with whom he became very intimate, "being an especial favourite with the children, whose eyes always brightened at the arrival of their playmate and friend." After the labours, and perhaps the worries, of the day, there was, no doubt, much relief in the transition from life on ship-board to that of nursing the baby and playing with the children of one of his hospitable friends.

Though he had suffered much in the West Indies from giddiness connected with his eye, and from frequent faintings, the North American station agreed with him so well that his eye gave cause for no anxiety whilst in the *Duncan;* and he was enabled occasionally to take more active exercise in a light American gig, or, in the winter season, in a sleigh or skating on the Rinks.

He gives a glimpse of life at Halifax, writing on New Year's Day, 1867:—

"The New Year's Day custom in Nova Scotia (I believe the same as in America) is for all the ladies of the household to remain

at home in state from two o'clock to six o'clock, and for the gentlemen to visit them all round, each visit lasting but three or four minutes. Everybody can pretty well be visited in each house; success to the household is supposed to be toasted in a glass of 'bishop.' Being well warned beforehand, I was able to escape the danger, and had a very enjoyable day, being driven round by my friend, Mr. H., in a sleigh drawn by a spirited pair of horses, decked in the brightest ribbons, and we managed fifty-three calls within the hours allowed.

"It was a bright frosty day, and began with a general levée at the Governor's, where we all had to attend officially with the Admiral after forenoon service, which we consequently had to attend in full fig of epaulettes.

"I dine to-night in a house where all the people who knew my father are asked to meet me. The pictures of him here at Halifax make me see how like I am to what he was, more than any of the English prints I know, but my face is much graver."

Though all this was very enjoyable, it was with little regret that, when the time came to quit Halifax, he broke away from a groove of life which he himself felt to be below the higher standard he had formerly attained, and beneath the high destiny of a child of God and heir of the kingdom. "Many times," says one of his brother officers whose account we are following, "he has lamented to me that in his own opinion he was not so good as when I knew him as a boy." Possibly there may have been some foundation for these self-accusations of a sensitive spirit, but a brighter side was by no means altogether wanting to the picture. Whilst foremost in giving support and encouragement to anything tending to the comfort or amusement of the ship's company, "he did all within his power to aid the Chaplain both in the religious and educational movements on board," giving his support and presence to the voluntarily-attended Sunday-evening Services," and taking much interest in the seamen's Bible class.

To this we may add the testimony of another of the *Duncan's* officers. After speak-

ing of the Bible classes, administration of the Holy Communion, daily service, &c., under the excellent Chaplain's superintendence, he continues:—"Captain Parry took much interest in all these matters; but owing to the more than ordinary duties which he, as Commander of a flag-ship, had to attend to—absorbing nearly the whole of his time—he could not well have devoted much personal attention to them. That he was interested in the progress of these good works was evident from his desire always to remove every obstacle in the way of the Chaplain, and to render him every assistance in his power. If every Chaplain were as well backed, we should hear less of the lukewarmness of commanding officers.

"Captain Parry was not demonstrative, but I believe he delighted in the service of his God. On more than one occasion he spoke to me with great reverence of his honoured father, and seemed to recall with great feeling and delight his Sabbath evenings, which he has often described to me as hallowed spots in his memory."

Sir J. Hope took a Naval Scripture Reader out with him to be stationed at Bermuda for the use of the squadron on the North American and West Indian station, and public mention had been made of the labours of the Reader on board the *Duncan*. Copies of the account having been sent to Charles Parry, he wrote from Halifax, November 20, 1866:—

"Accept my congratulations on your speech in the North for the Naval Scripture Readers' Society. I read it to a gathering of our men, amongst whom I have been endeavouring to get up reading classes. Classes of about twenty or thirty (two messes or so) with a Reader, and a relief Reader in each.

"We have ten such classes now, and though of course the attendance is quite voluntary, and in their watch below, being intended for the daytime, when men are sewing, &c., they are very well attended. At a collection of such classes I read your speech, and spoke to them of Sailors' Homes, and the different societies working for their comfort and welfare, as I am sure enough is not known of

these things on the lower decks of our ships."

Of a similar packet, received just before paying off, he wrote:—

"Your parcel of Naval Scripture Readers' papers only reached me after we sailed from Portsmouth. I distributed them, and specially gave one to the schoolmaster to read out."

Amongst the additions made to his MS. book of hymns at Halifax, during the winter of 1866—7, is one of the most beautiful in the collection, entitled, "Redeemed." It was the last he thus copied, and forms a very suitable conclusion to the little volume. The last verse is—

"Rejoice! rejoice!
Great was the sound of joy above,
And brighter seemed the realms of love,
Sweeter the angels' voice—
And all because *one* weary heart
Had courage to be blest;
Had taken up the better part,
And bathed its wings in rest."

The *Duncan* returned home on the 8th June, 1867, and, a week later, was paid off at Sheerness. That his interest in his old shipmates did not cease with the commission, may be

gathered from a note written to Captain Coote, in the *Arethusa* frigate, three months afterwards, in which he asks, "Will you father young —— a little extra for *me?* You will find him, I hope, a nice lad, and not badly up to his work; intelligent and quick. After he has been with you a bit, tell me what you think of him, and how he is likely to turn out. I have rarely taken to any youngster so much."

During the autumn he was enabled to join a large family party in a trip to Switzerland. On their way the party visited Ems, where his father died in 1855. Of this he wrote to an intimate friend:—

"We spent Sunday at Ems, curiously enough finding some friends occupying the very house and room where my father died. . . . . Pray for me that my hold may be on the same Rock."

A severe and painful accident to one of the travelling party, which necessitated a return to England by easy stages, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of some self-sacrifice on his part, which was most cheerfully made,

without any apparent effort. His nursing powers, which had often been successfully tested in the illnesses of several members of his family, were now in requisition, as, relinquishing all his travelling plans, he remained to attend the invalid during the lengthened journey home. Extending his sympathies to an absent friend, he wrote *en route* from Pontresina, Sept. 4th, 1867 :—

"How can I express my feelings of sympathy for you and yours in these late days of heavy trial?

"To feel that, where the Lord thus chastens and tries, a full measure of His all-sustaining grace and power is with you, comforts the friend who feels with you.

"May the love of God in Christ be abundantly felt in this His own chastening!

"Thanks for giving me the privilege of sharing your trials and adding my mite of prayer for you at the throne of grace. . . . .

"I must push for employment again at once, and feel quite ready for it after this most refreshing and delightful holiday."

CHAPTER XI.

Commands *Cordelia*.—West Indies.—Mediterranean Tour.—Death.

1867—1868.

A FEW days after his return from Switzerland, a *Times*, bought at a railway station, gave him the first news of his appointment to the command of the *Cordelia*, a sloop-of-war, then in the West Indies. Of this he writes :—

"Possibly you may have seen my appointment to the *Cordelia*. Having made a real push for a command, I suppose I ought to have felt highly delighted and satisfied at so early an answer to my wishes; but as I know the *Cordelia* so well, I must own to a considerable amount of disappointment at such a command. That she is not amongst the worst of our Commanders' ships, and that she is not on the Coast of Africa, added to the fact that she has

but a short time longer to live in this commission, where—as I am told—I may 'stand a good chance of promotion,' makes up the sum total of her advantages. . . . . But I am inclined to look things as smoothly as possible in the face, and, avoiding the part of a grumbler, hope for some sympathy from my friends, especially my naval friends. —— was astonished when I told her I was longing to be afloat again already; but the fact is I dreaded the idea of getting too much accustomed to the pleasures of home life."

Just before sailing in the mail steamer *Douro*, from Southampton, for St. Thomas', he wrote, Sept. 17th, 1867:—

"J. and C. came to see me off from the docks this morning. . . . . Previously we had had a little service in the drawing-room, with all the servants, &c., and J. gave L. the Holy Communion for the first time for many months, and to C. and me with her. Thanks for your illumination. It shall be placed in the best point in my cabin, and will be a delightful remembrance of our late time together. May God bless and preserve you all, and me too,

in my absence from you, and bring us together again in His own good time! May we ever be present in the Spirit together! Thanks for your special promises and thoughts for me."

The time spent on the passage out to St. Thomas' does not appear to have hung heavily upon his hands.

"Amongst our passengers, we have, as usual, a variety of companions to choose from. The young Earl of ——, just from Eton, starting on a cruise round the world for his health, may be seen playing at ship quoits on deck with a curly-wigged 'nigger,' who made me a pair of boots at Barbadoes, and who introduced himself to me with that recommendation. The Bishop of —— joins in friendly conversation with the head of a Jesuit College in England, now going to see how matters in his line are getting on in the West Indies. . . . . There are two sets of shooting parties, a trio who wish to see some excitement in Mexico, and are filled with ardour in the fighting way, not much caring on which side they enlist, so long as they can be together, with officers' commissions.

"Here is a set of merchants, full of abuse of the planters, who fail to give them crops better than their estates will grow. Not far off, an unmistakable group of planters, principally Spaniards and half-casts, crying shame on the grasping merchants, who refuse a fair price for the crops, bad as they may be, with an occasional growl at one another. The English West Indian may be jealous of the Spanish Cuban slaves, yet abuse the masters for not freeing them.

"Watching all the different people, the young married couples, the old Caudles, the young would-be brides—one especially who would like it to be *her* part of the play to pop the question—the soured, liverless old bachelors, &c., &c., affords considerable amusement and strange mistakes in the conjectures as to who and what different people are. Moreover, I have picked up several friends, so that altogether I have found the passage very pleasant.

"A grand programme proclaimed that, 'under the distinguished patronage of, &c., &c., the celebrated artistes, &c., &c., will give

a *soirée musicale.*' It was a grand success. Most of the solos were failures, but the glees did very well, and several amusing recitations helped. I started some of the ladies off with nonsense verses, and enclose some of the results. . . . . We had a very full congregation at Service yesterday—all the crew, and about a hundred and fifty passengers. We have prayers every morning, after breakfast, at one end of the saloon, with a good show of attendants. The Roman Catholics have an earlier service, before breakfast."

Happily their arrival at St. Thomas' was delayed by contrary winds for one day. Though the compasses betrayed the presence of an unusual electric disturbance, they were wholly unprepared for the appalling scene of shipwreck and misery which they witnessed on entering the harbour, the day after the memorable hurricane of October 30th. A letter describing this has been unfortunately lost.

His first cruise in the *Cordelia* was from Port Royal to Morant Bay, the scene of the negro insurrection, and thence to take some

deep-sea soundings from Port Antonio, on the North Coast of Jamaica, to St. Jago de Cuba, for a proposed line of telegraph. Bringing up bottom from 1,000 and 1,250 fathoms, &c., with a sounding machine invented by one of the officers, after heaving in the sounding-line for five hours on one occasion, "reminded me," he writes, "of our old *Bulldog* trip, though a piercing tropical sun was rather different from the bitterness of the wind we had off the ice-pack. . . . . Our sea cruise has shaken us down very comfortably. Most of my hobbies had to be brought prominently to the front, and I think the country before me now is principally plain, the mountainous districts of difficulty being well in rear."

From Port Royal, December 21st, 1867, he writes :—

"I cannot express in writing my feelings of all that has been taking place since my arrival at St. Thomas' in the mail steamer—the scenes I witnessed there—the sudden deaths that took place here amongst those I knew in the Army and Navy after my arrival, one of those even who came out with me in

the mail steamer being buried within ten days of our arrival. Then the fresh disasters at St. Thomas', the death in a week of the American Admiral and a Captain of another man-of-war at St. Thomas'. All these, and other such things, have not, I trust, been lost on me and those with me. I touched upon most of these, and the death of their late Captain, in my sermon to our men yesterday. The sermon was that in "Plain Words," Part II., sermon for 4th Sunday in Advent; the subject all helping me to make use of the opportunity. May God grant that each of us has felt, and will continue to feel and recognise, that it was God's hand and God's love that has protected us, and prove our gratitude by our drawing more closely to Him who is indeed All-in-all to us!

"This 'terrible climate,' as it is called, is very pleasant, except in the full heat of the sun, when care is necessary not to expose ourselves. You may depend I shall be as careful of myself as I try to be of those under me in this respect. The climate injures fewer than injure themselves by unnecessary exposure in

the climate, and by a life too free for any climate.

". . . . . Swearing is the rule on board. I have been forced to speak unpleasantly sharply to some, a hint having been so many waste words."

At anchor off the uninhabited island of Sacrificios, Vera Cruz, as Senior Officer in the Gulf of Mexico, he amused himself and his men "digging for Aztec remains, in the shape of old vases, obsidian arrow and spear heads, &c., and shooting at a rifle-range, or fishing off the rocks."

Meanwhile, the solitary life of Commander of a small ship gave him some new experiences.

"I sometimes," he writes, "have a game of chess now, having found one of the officers who plays, but who, like most others, thinks it rather a wearying game, and considers one a week a great achievement. I am so fond of chess I cannot understand this, and my appetite for it was renewed coming out in the mail packet; but I more generally spend my evening alone in my cabin, and, when tired of reading, fall into moony thoughts of its never

having been intended for man to live all by himself. From that I take to building all sorts of castles in the air, and finally rouse up with a start and find I have been dozing.

"I am very comfortable on board, and, on the whole, like the independence of a separate command better than I expected. The work is very much lighter than any I have been accustomed to. Though the writing work is considerable, it is nothing to half I had to keep up in the *Duncan*. There is more responsibility, much less actual work.

"I am making as much work as I can for myself connected with the ship, by stirring the men up to attend evening school, and have two very enthusiastic rival classes. The one set are men who can read and write a little. Their rivals are men who, on the 1st December, could not read writing characters, or write at all, and only with great difficulty spell out from a newspaper words here and there. These latter have challenged the others to an examination, in four months, as to their comparative powers. An entry-fee has been paid by each man, which, helped by the

officers, has formed a bag (a purse), to be divided into three prizes. The best man in both reading and writing gets the purse for his class, and the first prize; the two next in his class get the second and third prizes. Such an array of pot-hooks, &c., &c., has rarely been seen, and I think there is no doubt those who could not write at all will gain the day, as the others have to unlearn the very bad writing they have hitherto been satisfied with.

"I wrote one man a letter home to his wife, on condition that he sent only what he could copy himself, and by the state the letter was brought to me in, I think he must have been lending it out to be copied. The man was so proud of it: 'Only you see, sir, I could have written it straighter, and more even-like, but then my missus would have laughed at me for writing in lines, so I'll keep the lines for 'board the ship.'"

Assuming the command of the *Cordelia* late in her commission, he made few changes in the internal economy of the ship, and these mainly to increase the comfort of the crew. "Liked

by both officers and men," writes one of the former, "he was kind and considerate, but firm, never lost his temper, and was a good officer and a gentleman." The want of a Chaplain left him gladly responsible for the spiritual and moral, no less than the educational training of his men. This, combined with the self-discipline of a command, involving some special difficulties connected with the due maintenance of control over others, was not without a wholesome effect upon his own character, deepening the roots of his religious life.

From Vera Cruz he writes to his brother, April 29th, 1868:—

"I feel myself already on the road again to Acton, seeing on the table before me our orders to leave the Gulf at once, and to go to Port Royal, Jamaica, where our orders for home are waiting for us. If it is jolly news for me, think what it must be to the majority of the men and officers on board, who are nearly four years from home! It did one's heart good to hear the three times three given with all the honest heartiness of a man-of-war

forecastle cheer when the news came on board. Nor were the gun-room or even ward-room voices slow in taking it up, bringing the solitary individual from his after-crib to see and share the happiness of the many. It is, indeed, a happy thing to be homeward bound. I fancy too that, though my time abroad has been this time so short, I never felt happier in the news.

"The idea that keeps every one out of the Captain's cabin, unless individually asked in, has made me perhaps yearn for a little closer and freer sympathy with my fellow-creatures. At any rate, I feel extremely jolly, and last night made all the officers dine with me, if only once in a way, to unite in a certain general agreement of feeling by a toast of 'Absent friends, may we soon meet them!' . . .

"Thanks for the St. Paul's sermon. I intend to read it to our men next Sunday. I read it to-day to a young lad who is far gone with consumption, and goes home invalided by the mail. He is a fine young lad, and was a boy in the *Duncan* with me. I said it was preached by my brother at St. Paul's. He

said simply, 'Will you thank your brother, Sir?'"

Two days later he writes to Lady Parry:—

"And now, dearest mother, for a line of quiet talk together, between ourselves, as it were, alone by the drawing-room fire. . . . . What a bitter cup you have had to drink during your illness in the death of a brother so dear to you! How supporting at such a time the power you so remarkably are blessed with, of perfect trust, perfect confidence, that what God orders is indeed well! I often think with wonder of the two strong examples given to me, in father and mother, of perfect reliance and loving trust in a heavenly Father's guidance. . . . . Truly is man's cup a mixture of joy and sorrow, and well it is that each in its turn may draw us closer to the fountain-head, in both to own our thankful dependence on Him Whose we are!

"Thanks for all your love and sympathy, for all your kind advice, for your prayers. I make but a poor attempt at any return, but, weak as I am, I would expend my strength for you, and bring your name constantly

before the throne of grace. Pray for me, that I may especially be blessed with a more faithful boldness in advocating Christ's cause amongst those about me—more honest in working not only against sin, but heart and soul for Christ—and in doing so to forget self altogether, except as remembering my weakness. How subtle a poison of the devil's *self* is, I have often had cause to feel to my cost. Pray for me, that my weakness may be strengthened, and that my own self may be shown and known and conquered, and that love and gratitude to Christ may be the only foundation I start on. . . . .

"I think my solitary life here has had its benefit, in making me have closer communion with God, and drawing me nearer to Him in many ways. I must own to being somewhat tired of this sort of life. It is cold work having no personal friend to speak to, but doubtless it is good for me. . . . . Is it not a pleasant thought to be the possessor of 'orders for England?' The sort of life I have been leading makes this going home, after such a short absence, one of the most welcome and

joyous I have ever felt; and seeing the unbounded joy of the four-year absentees makes me additionally delighted."

Of the *Cordelia's* official parting inspection he writes, "The new Commodore at Jamaica was especially complimentary to us, and even Sir Leopold could not have been more civil." After a "capital passage" of thirty days, made under sail from Jamaica, the *Cordelia* arrived at Plymouth on the 28th June, 1868, and, receiving a final inspection, was dismantled and put out of commission twelve days later.

Our tale now draws rapidly to a conclusion. Once more Charles Parry left England, not to return.

After paying off the *Cordelia* at Devonport, he spent a few weeks, first in bringing home a sister from Kreuznach, and then in a ramble among the Westmoreland hills, while arrangements were being completed for a six-weeks' holiday with his brother in the Mediterranean. Their brother-in-law's (Captain Coote's) frigate, the *Arethusa*, was one of the squadron in those waters, and the travellers left London on the 30th August, *viâ*

Paris, Vienna, and Trieste, for Corfu, where they hoped to find the English ships. They were not disappointed, for the squadron anchored off Corfu, exactly half an hour before the Austrian Lloyd steamer reached the island, on Monday, September 7th.

For the next few weeks the brothers lived on board the *Arethusa*, enjoying, each in his own way, the surroundings of ship life. "It seems odd to me," wrote Charlie, "being on board as an amateur amongst the Naval work; and my tongue itches to have something to say officially."

From Corfu the squadron made its way to Augusta Bay, in Sicily, from which place some expeditions of interest were made to Syracuse, Catania, and Taormina. From Charlie's home-letters is extracted the following account of an ascent of Etna with some of the officers of the squadron :—

"About two o'clock we started off in two carriages for Nicolosi, a town about two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and at four o'clock we reached the inn, where we dined and ordered mulès for

the next stage. Almost immediately on leaving Catania, we found ourselves amongst the old streams of lava, which, in fact, come right down to Catania itself. . . . .

"We started on our mule stage at half-past seven, on country pack-saddles, and well wrapped up for expected cold, the ascent being so immediate from the sea and intense heat to the upper regions of snow. For the first hour we had a good moon, then a man carrying a lantern showed the guide's mule the track, and the rest of the mules seemed to follow by instinct, for we could see nothing, and the jolting and stumbling made us feel how rough the lava mule-track was.

"When we occasionally dismounted to stretch our legs, the best walkers found five minutes quite enough for their own legs, and were glad to mount again. In about two hours we halted at a solitary house, La Bosca, but it was locked up, the owners being out on the hills, so we started, after warming ourselves at a fire which was made by our guides; and after four hours' more bumping and jolting, reached the final resting-place, a small

hut, called La Casa Inglese. It was built some time ago by the English, when they were in occupation here during the war with France.

"We found the cold had been exaggerated, but we fortunately had very little wind, which might have made all the difference. This house is about one thousand one hundred feet from the summit, being nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea, and this (you must remember) reached in one ascent from the sea-level, unlike many of our Swiss climbs, where we start already from a height of five or six thousand feet.

"A capital fire, some coffee, and sleep for those who could stand the wood smoke—for others, their pipes—kept us going till four o'clock, when we had another cup of coffee, and at a quarter-past four started—walking up a very stiff last ascent. Such walking! More like scrambling, the ground being loose broken lava, that gave way at every step—tedious and tiring, but no danger.

"Many a wrap had to come off; for we soon got hot enough, and in forty minutes we were on the edge of the crater, in the sulphur

steam. Then stiffer still was the climb for ten minutes more, and we were above the crater, on the top of Etna, waiting for the sun to rise.

"A bank of clouds half-way down hid the near view from us; but the distant land of Messina and Calabria towered out amongst the clouds, and at last, with many a herald of beautiful tints, redder and rosier from the horizon, and over our heads, the sun darted up in full view. It was a grand sight; but sitting was too cold to let us remain above half an hour, and the heat of the sulphur was too unpleasant to make us exchange it for the cold. So down we went, helter-skelter, skipping and sliding, rushing and tumbling, *à la* Lodore! Then the ride down from the Casa Inglese showed us up what a rough ascent our beasts had carried us in the dark, and the jolting and strain on our knees would have made us gladly save the mules from carrying us down; but it was too rough to make it a change for the better.

"At 11.30 we reached Nicolosi: a wash, breakfast, and then down by the carriages again in the afternoon to Catania."

On Sunday, 27th September, the Holy Communion was administered on board the frigate, and a small company on the half-deck joined with Charlie, for the last time receiving the memorials of his Saviour's passion. Two earthly Sabbaths more, and he was face to face with the Saviour Whom he loved and served.

Leaving Augusta on the next day, the squadron passed the Straits, and spent a few days at Milazzo on its way to Naples, where they anchored on the afternoon of Saturday, October 4th. The last letter was written home that same morning, in which he describes a second walk to Syracuse, after having read Conybeare and Howson's "St. Paul," and also refers to a short Sunday-evening Service on board the *Arethusa*:—

"Did I tell you of E.'s evening Service on Sundays? Mr. F., when he was here, proposed, and carried out most successfully, a course of such services for voluntary attendants. E. gladly followed up this plan, and has been gratified by the good show of officers and men that put in an appearance. An opening

hymn, a few collects, an address, and a closing hymn—this is his plan, and the officers have liked it very much."

Monday, October 6th, was spent in company with friends at Herculaneum and Pompeii. One of these friends said afterwards that Charles seemed to him more than usually quiet that day, as though not feeling quite well; but the others did not perceive this, and he appeared in good spirits during the drive back through Resina and Portici, laughing often and heartily at the many quaint sights presented on the road by vehicles laden with peasants.

Returning to the *Arethusa* after nightfall, he seemed as well as usual throughout the evening, and turned into his cabin at ten o'clock. During the night symptoms of dysentery showed themselves, and in the morning he was unable to go ashore, as had been arranged, to visit the Museum. The rapid advance of the painful and distressing malady soon became alarming, and the shadows of an unexpected and grievous termination to this bright summer holiday fell upon the hearts of

those who watched around the sufferer. On the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings he asked his brother to read and pray with him; but beyond this no word of alarm was spoken, and when death at length seemed imminent, the semi-unconsciousness and physical apathy of extreme weakness precluded utterance, except for the ordinary requirements of sickness.

The sympathetic kindness and attentions of all on board, from highest to lowest, were such as English seamen know so well how to show, and all that medical skill and patient nursing could effect was done.

But it was the Master's time for calling His servant home. The work in the earthly Household was finished, little as man might think it possible.

In the profound stillness of Friday night—a calm the more striking from its contrast with some previous rough squalls of wind and heavy rain—with no sound to break the silence of the ebbing night watches save the "All's well" of the ships' sentries, the spirit of Charles Parry gradually loosed its hold upon

the earthly tabernacle, and at three A.M. on Saturday, October 10th, was "present with the Lord."

Sixteen hours afterwards—a stern and sad necessity—early on Sunday morning, the ensigns of the British squadron in Naples Bay were at half-mast, and a long procession of men-of-war boats followed the *Arethusa's* pinnace to the Custom-house stairs, whence the funeral train slowly made its way, through a pitiless storm of rain, to the Protestant Cemetery. With the Union Jack for his pall, he was carried by seamen—as a sailor might wish to be borne—to his grave on a foreign shore, not without loving hearts hard at hand.

While the coffin was being lowered into the earth the pouring rain ceased, and a cheerful streak of sunshine fell across the place where, within view of Vesuvius, Charles Parry's body sleeps in hope

"till He come."

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016